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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

W. H. ALEXANDER, a graduate of the University, is Professor of Latin in the University of California.

WILLIAM BLISSETT holds a Flavelle Fellowship in the School of Graduate Studies.

A. E. CARTER is a member of the French Department in the University of Saskatchewan.

R. COPER is an Instructor in German in University College.

W. L. MACDONALD, Professor of English in the University of British Columbia, is the author of *Beginnings of the English Essay*.

F. E. L. PRIESTLEY, Assistant Professor of English in University College, will shortly publish his definitive edition of Godwin's *Political Justice*.

ERNEST SIRLUCK, M. B. E., a graduate of Manitoba and Toronto, has recently returned from service with the Canadian Army in North-West Europe.

H. A. THOMPSON, Professor of Classical Archaeology, served as an expert with Naval Intelligence in the Mediterranean theatre.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL is Professor of History in the University.

THE END OF AN AGE

W. H. ALEXANDER

SUCH phrases as "the end of an age" can be dangerous. They play, for instance, into the hands of the compilers of college catalogues who can snip history more neatly into arbitrary segments than any modern precision machine can reduce an original solid to diaphanous slices. There can no more be the end of an age than there can be an abrupt stoppage and resumption of the processes of life in the individual after childhood, youth, middle age, and the date of retirement. Historical fact is a continuum; as a rule it is only when we turn to look back that we begin to see lines floating before our eyes and presently identify these our own ophthalmic disturbances with actualities of historical divisions. Rome may have "fallen" in 476 AD but not many people heard the crash; the business of getting something to eat, a place to sleep, and the sustenance for a family never ceased for a single hour for most people, whatever it was that happened to the child with the ironically conceived name of Romulus Augustulus. What did happen was that an administrative system ceased to be at Rome.

Yet, once we have guarded ourselves against the folly of seeking by the aid of "leading" dates mathematically to segmentize history, we can make ourselves free to admit that ages do reach a point after which they constantly tend to approach zero in the sense that contribution to the current of human affairs seems to be ever less and less noticeable. But the amount and the degree of the fading are things hard to determine; so-called dead pasts have an alarming vitality at times. "Propositions which would not command intellectual assent," says Sir Richard Livingstone in *The Greek Genius and its Meaning to Us*, "are still supported by sentiment and habit. Dead beliefs, like dead men, never die, but by a law of heredity haunt the blood of late-descended generations." That is why we must exercise some restraint in talking of the end of an age; we must recall that we are not dealing with any determinable absolute. Further, there is a suggestion of self-pity about using the phrase "end of an age," uttered in a "Why-did-this-have-to-happen-to-me?" voice.

But just as many persons clear down to the Pasadena pastor of last September love to announce the impending end of the world, which, despite all of them from St. Peter down, goes most ruggedly and unconcernedly on its way with a sniff at anybody who accords it less than the five hundred million years of the geologist, so there are always those who like to proclaim from the housetops the "end of the age." This has recently been illustrated by the number of articles, large or small, inspired or palpably pedestrian, which have announced that the falling of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima marks the end of an age. Yet, six weeks away from that event, at the date of the writing of this article, an event which, for all of Winston Churchill's pontifical blessing upon it, is the single most brutal action of all time, seeing

that it was perfectly open to the most piously Christian nations who perpetrated it to have used it on military installations alone with an equally definite appeal to the logic of successful annihilation,—six weeks away from all that, we are reminded of the continuum of history by assertions of two kinds being made by midwives of scientific experiments. The first is that the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs were really pop-gun explosions compared with what is waiting for us just around the corner where so many things lurk, including Good Times. The second is that the atomic bomb is already, as a matter of fact, scientifically checkmated, so that, as usual, defence has caught up with offence.[1] Without knowing a thing about it, which is the truly democratic basis for sound judgment because there is always such a fine equality in equally shared ignorance, I should be inclined to say, with an eye cocked on human history as a whole, that the party of the second part is right. Having heard once with a sense of profound conviction that all future war had been rendered "practically" impossible by the high development of the aeroplane, I have lived long enough to see it, far from preventing war, accentuate the ruthlessness of conflict, and become in its turn threatened with destruction, either in mass by an atomic bomb or singly by some black deviltry of the air. The atomic bomb does not seem to me to place any recognizable full stop at the end of any last sentence in the annals of that misguided human occupation which is war. I should regret to have anyone conclude from this that I favor the continuance of war as an instrument of national policy. No, I am like the preacher whom the non-choosing Calvin Coolidge heard sermonize on sin, and whose argument Coolidge short-circuited to his wife by reporting that the parson was "against it." I merely mean that unless men have made up their minds that peace is a better thing than war and less expensive, no atomic bomb will ever keep them from the ultimate appeal to arms.

Yet something did happen in a great many minds as a result of Hiroshima and its sister mass-killing, and a few of these minds, including a number of scientists in good standing with all club dues paid up, have actually expressed themselves with singular frankness. The something was this, the realization, driven home at last, that man the wonder-worker and gadget-maker, had arrived at last at a point where he was without moral

[1]Professor J. R. Oppenheimer of the University of California flatly denies this in numerous reported speeches, and I observe that Professor G. O. Langstroth, new head of the Department of Physics in the University of Alberta, is reported in the Edmonton *Journal* of December 10, 1945, as saying that any opinion like the one I have ventured is "nonsense." But Professor Langstroth should, in all humility, recall all his eminent physicist predecessors who proved conclusively by mathematical and physical principles that no heavier than air machine could ever fly, and were still proving it when the Wright boys flew just such a machine at Kitty Hawk. Further I read with interest in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of December 20, 1945: "Some of the scientists at Princeton University who worked on the atomic bomb, now are investigating the possibility of a defense against the bomb, inasmuch as no defense now exists." No, but the boys in the science laboratories are working one up!

sense in the application of his explosive toys.[2] You will notice that I have said "arrived," with full implication that the movement has long been under way. The atomic bomb has commonly been described as being so many thousand times as destructive as the largest block-buster achieved to date; it is not in any sense different in kind but only in range and degree and horror of effectiveness. It is true that the difference was enough to stir consciences ordinarily easy in facing newspaper accounts of the results of saturation bombing and pin-precision bombing, but it was only the difference in the outcome, as there was nothing new in the nature of the act. It may even be that some of those who spoke fearfully about the atomic bomb as marking the end of the age, did so only from a conviction that we are now facing geometrical progressions of destruction in place of the tedious arithmetical building up of ruin as heretofore, with correspondingly less chance for individual escape. But there was uneasiness, and no sensible person can dismiss it as wholly selfish uneasiness; there has been in the age that is now moving, perhaps with an increased acceleration, towards its end, something that we called a moral sense, especially in regard to the use of physical force, and more particularly where helpless non-combatants are concerned, and that moral sense, though it may be lying on its death-bed, still lives enough to have occasional spasms and convulsions.

This passing age may seem, to the people all around us in all nations who feel that they represent what is modern and up to date, to have been infinitely ridiculous; what they find most ridiculous about it has been its readiness to use an appeal to things called moral principles, and even at times to respond to such appeals. If these alleged principles have been, further, backed up by any suggestion of reference to religion, the situation for the *fin de siècle* critics and their followers becomes inexpressibly comic, and their dearest expectation is to hoot the morality players and their poor drama promptly off the stage of life. It becomes clear that we are drawing towards the end of a period of about two thousand years during which service has been done, and not entirely lip-service, by leading nations to the idea of moral principles of action ultimately founded on divine sanction.

Criticism, literary and philosophic, was during that time applied to the prevailing theory of principles of moral conduct with God back of them, and not too far back either, but while ingenious, it was not final in its character, or at least was not felt to be so, even though its authors oc-

[2]See, for example, in the magazine *Life* for October 29, 1945, on pages 45, 46, and 48 an article entitled "The Atomic Scientists Speak up," written by three of the principal figures in the "Manhattan" project. On page 45 occurs this quaint sentence: "Scientists have not heretofore felt that it was their responsibility to fight for the rational use of the products of their endeavor." Why so this time? "Never before have they been so clearly responsible for the new forces of destruction unleashed upon the world." This implies a moral outlook on a par with that of the small boy who goes around ringing front door-bells untroubled until the time comes when he is caught *in flagranti delicto*. At that point the small boy is open to moral conviction, about the same time that he is open to police-court conviction.

casionally suffered painfully for their indiscretions. All parties to the argument were arguing *in vacuo*, so to speak; nobody could lay hold on anything tangible. But natural science arrived at last with realistic arguments seemingly disposing of the divine control of the universe and therefore *a fortiori*, it has been presumed, of a divine backing for the principles by which mankind has sought to set up some kind of workable relationship among its peoples and its individuals. The argument was not any longer *in vacuo*, but real things were now dealt with, such as atoms, formerly infissible according to the best scientific thought retailed to me as an undergraduate. Literary and philosophic liberals hailed the new arrivals with loud shouts of joy; what they had argued for abstractly was now conclusively proved to be true by an appeal to things as they are, however that is. It is true that the scientific basis of explanation of the world is constantly shifting, but in one respect it has remained reasonably firm; no explanation that ventures to postulate a world which I shall not call supra-physical, because that excites rage in those who see in physics (nuclear or otherwise) the solution of the whole matter, but, let us say, a world other than purely physical, can ever be tolerated by a man who claims to be a thinking and reasoning creature. This is, of course, a far more sweeping act of excommunication than any church ever decreed, but let that pass; science is not interested in history, as is proved by the fact that it cannot find time in its programmes of study for even its own history.

Now science had long been interested in the perfection of mechanical means for achieving a physical vacuum in which it might carry on some sorts of experimental work, but nothing that it achieved on that side was even remotely comparable with the vacuum which it has created in the moral sphere by displacing the philosophic and religious concept of a divine intelligence; if not actually seeking in so many words to have its own intelligence designated to fill the void thus left, it leaves the impression of not being wholly unwilling to accept such a modest solution. But it has not filled the vacuum, and the happy liberal theorists who jumped on the band wagon of science in first enthusiasms, are in some cases at last discovering that the abolition of one basis of moral principle without providing for replacement with another is really a disaster for humanity. If it is said by anyone in reply that scientific principles explain the universe and all that therein is and that science has replaced surmise with knowledge, it has yet to be noted that the replacement is, for human conduct, inadequate on any level, while for the bulk of mankind it is operatively impossible. We have seen scientific education at work long enough by now to realize that for one scientist produced it turns out ten thousand fairly high-grade technicians; in all fairness it should perhaps be said that these technicians are much more certain (revoltingly certain indeed) that science holds the secret of human conduct because it has the gift for producing gadgets than are the genuine scientists, always fundamentally philosophers. They are not too sure that even the grand abstractions of science are the complete

and final answer to the problem of man in the universe, and, more specifically, to the problem of human conduct in this corner of the cosmos.

What has happened to mankind in general seems to be what apparently happened to thousands (or tens of thousands, for all that it matters in anything so gross) of persons at Hiroshima, and the vigour with which certain Allied medical men have denied it, serves only to make me the more disposed to believe it; if one branch of science can, without regard to morals, be made to serve national policy, so can another by the same token, especially if there is any fear abroad of being left behind in the race for recognition. These individuals showed no apparent hurt or lesions, but presently just lay down or fell down and died. *They had been inwardly destroyed.* Mankind—and, of course, I speak entirely of Western mankind which alone I understand in some degree—has been going along without any fatal lesions, it would seem, in its moral system; presently an atomic bomb is dropped, and we might as well recognize that while outwardly it destroyed Hiroshima and any number of people up to a hundred thousand, inwardly it destroyed the whole basis of mankind's interrelations, or, at all events, set the final seal on a destruction already begun. Nations that would devise and employ the atomic bomb would not hesitate before acts still more frightful and frightening in order to maintain their physical superiority, which they are fond of viewing and proclaiming as moral; and as two successive world wars have made absolute loyalty to the Nation in Arms the highest loyalty and indeed the only loyalty tolerable in the individual, it follows that the individual, following his nation to the ultimate brutality, has abjured, whether he realizes it or not, all moral principle. He walks around thinking he is morally alive, just as the people who escaped the first effects of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima thought that they were physically alive; but actually they were physically dead on their feet, and morally so is he. Thus science, having first of all upset moral principles by intellectual attack, has set the seal on its achievement by a confirmatory physical act full of the most appalling reactions on any scheme of morality among men.[3]

But I am not chiefly concerned in pressing that accusation, although I think it is well that all intelligent people should realize the soundness of it

[3]Science is, of course, an embarrassingly wide term. I recall a scientific friend of mine, a civil engineer, who told me that the most scientific thing he had ever seen was a demonstration by an archaeologist of an absolutely unchallengeable method for restoring the language of a badly smashed ancient Greek inscription. The whole treatment of Latin syntax is highly scientific. But for the purposes of this article science means not only natural science, but, by a further limitation current in our time, chemistry and physics, the "gadget" sciences so dear to the readers of the coloured strips. These sciences are mildly tolerant of the gentler branches of investigative knowledge, but hardly of the social sciences; they would sniff audibly at the article "Can Science Save Us?" by George A. Lundberg, Professor of Sociology in the University of Washington, which appears in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1945. The question of course is whether the world the chemists and the physicists want to save is the same world that Professor Lundberg (and myself) would like to save.

along general lines and should therefore proceed on the sound policy of placing blame where blame belongs. The great object of concern, for myself in some small part, but more particularly for those who, being younger, have presumably some considerable span of years before them, and who have children to bring up and provide with a set of *mores*, is that the end of the long age now seemingly drawing to a close is coming on us more rapidly and overwhelmingly than any other age-end, and finds us more bankrupt morally than our civilization has been in all its history. What then must we do to be saved? For mankind is always needing to be saved, as it has always needed to be saved, from itself, its own worst devil, its own incarnate enemy. It is all very well to talk in moments of idle boastfulness of the progress of mankind onward and upward forever, but the facts of history can only very dubiously and by much intolerable wrenching be made to agree with so flattering a doctrine. A civilization endowed with incalculable physical power, alleged to be capable of performing feats of legerdemain which will make any previous exhibitions look like demonstrations at a kindergarten graduation ceremony,[4] but destitute of any moral principles resting on a recognizable basis, is pitifully in need of salvation. It may be then perhaps that the Church has really been right all along on the essential evil of human nature and the necessity of its redemption by grace. The sweetness of childhood is often appealed to in disproof of original sin, but anyone who really knows anything about children knows that they are actually hard, tough little devils who have to be beaten or coaxed, according to your educational theory, into a partial observance at least of the prevailing *mores*.

We cannot, I submit, go on existing without a set of principles for conduct which must in turn be related to a fundamental something back of them. Nobody believes really and truly that intelligence can *by itself* direct human life, any more than that intelligence can by itself write great poetry. Intelligence by itself landed us in the launching of the atomic bomb, and that was not very intelligently placed; that one fact alone should make us chary of trusting to intelligence. I say "intelligence" rather than "knowledge," because most of our intellectual operations belong to the former order, which is smartness, rather than to the latter, which is solid worth. Actually every last one of us would shudder, upon due reflection, at going one step out into a world that was run merely by intelligence, nowadays commonly identified, especially by scientists, with scientific comprehension and achievement. We shout ourselves hoarse about the achievements of modern surgery and modern medicine in saving human

[4]My authority for this statement must be Professor J. R. Oppenheimer already mentioned, the director of the Los Alamos atomic bomb plant. In the hearings before a committee of the United States Senate he went further than anyone in raising goose-flesh on the hardened denizens of the American upper chamber, and in making their hair stand on end "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Almost, but not altogether, he scared them into being international-minded.

life, but it takes a great deal of medicine and a great deal of surgery to balance off against a hundred thousand destroyed at a blow like so many insects by a blast of DDT.

The answer usually made, at least when and where I enquire, is that we shall go on practising the principles of the Sermon on the Mount or of the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians without examining too closely into the existence of a mandate back of those great principles; we shall all agree that they are "good" (word of blessed vagueness!) and go on practising them. But why? Do the principles of the Sermon on the Mount appeal to strict intelligence? Intelligence, the usual sublimation of knowledge, is really a way of getting ahead in the world through acquiring larger amounts of useful information than the mine-run of people possess, and seeing how to apply these to your own ends. Intelligence is a basis for succeeding in the world as it is; the Sermon on the Mount provides a basis for virtues that are other-worldly, if our world is to be taken as a basis of reference. One fears that it cannot be made to serve as a moral holdover from the expiring age unless there is held over with it some assurance that an other-worldly life is, in the scale of real values, better than a worldly one. But all our secular education, and this is increasingly the case, is a frank denial of any such doctrine, and education always represents, not what the young should be taught, but what their elders want them taught. I am afraid that those who argue for the possibility of the retention of the Sermon on the Mount's principles without pretty fully accrediting the sanctioning power of the Preacher as a basis, are going to find themselves more and more odd fish as the great age of science develops, whether for construction, or destruction, or for the two working simultaneously to cancel each other out as at present, no one knows.

There are no moral principles provided by science. All the great moralities have declared: "The wages of sin is death," but science comes along and pertly says: "Go ahead and sin, my son; I will show you how to avoid paying the wages." The moral principles of philosophy have been shaped always by philosophers for the philosophically inclined; they are the action-pabulum at all times of the minutest fragments of the human masses. It is conceivable that a man's conduct could be directed along noble lines by a contemplation of great scientific principles in the abstract or by a study of the tenets of a particular philosophy, but there is no *Venite ad me qui laboratis* in those solutions for one man or woman in a million.[5] Mankind is left, in my judgment, facing an iron-clad choice between an utter absence of moral principle capable of appealing to the multitude, except so much as for a time hangs on as an aftermath from Christianity, and an acceptance of a sanction for morals which is found in a Something

[5]Saint Augustine dearly loved the learning and the literature of the Greeks and the Romans in which he had been brought up, but was constrained in the last analysis to affirm that you would not find in them any voice saying: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Not Ourselves, if we may turn back for help to Matthew Arnold, who really thought hard about these things, priggish though we may sometimes find him. The ancient sage inquired pertinently: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" and the modern scientist has replied briskly: "I have found, after search, no evidence of Him." But that answer is not quite honest because not quite complete; the other half of it should be: "nor can I produce any evidence that He is not." Science may storm as it will but it cannot fairly or successfully deny the logic of faith: "I believe at the point where knowledge fails." And it should be obvious that no matter what the prospects for scientific advance seem today, it must ultimately reach an end of achievement; the senses on which it rests along with the various mechanisms for their amplification and extension, are manifestly not of infinite capacity. No matter then to what point in the future science pushes the certainties of knowledge, there is an *alte terminus haerens*, and that terminus would be sad indeed for humanity to contemplate, whatever might have been contributed in the interval, if faith did not still remain.

The ironic and the ill-disposed will insist that a close definition of faith and a precise clarification of its basis should now be proceeded with. As for the former I can provide no better than the great Christian classic: "Now faith is the giving substance to things hoped for, the proving of things not seen." As for the latter, must I point out again that precise clarification means a return to the demands of science in things that lie beyond science? The use of the word "beyond" implies no reflection on the intelligence of scientists other than what is involved in asserting the limitation of the finite in face of the infinite. And one phase of the limitation is the impossibility of exact definition.[6]

[6]The reader is referred to the April number, 1945, of the *University of Toronto Quarterly* for an examination, or re-examination, of the article to be found there, contributed by Dean A. Vibert Douglas of Queen's University, entitled "Sir Arthur Eddington, O.M." I have in mind particularly a quotation therein made (page 238) from Sir Arthur's *Philosophy of Physical Science:* "A scientist should recognize in his philosophy—as he already recognizes in his propaganda—that for the ultimate justification of his activity it is necessary to look away from the knowledge itself, to a striving in man's nature, not to be justified of science or reason, for it is itself the justification of science, of reason, of art, of conduct."

THE ARGUMENT OF T. S. ELIOT'S *FOUR QUARTETS*

WILLIAM BLISSETT

THE scope of this article is restricted to an elucidation of argument. I wish at once to admit the limitations of that approach: I consider Mr. Eliot's poems to be essentially what the title indicates—four quartets. An adequate reading of them should, accordingly, occasion an experience like that of listening to a type of chamber music. Persons who know Beethoven's last quartets—the musical works perhaps most nearly analogous to these poems—speak of being mindful of related passages in the others whenever any single one is being performed. In a similar way I believe that each of Eliot's poems when read with the necessary information and alertness of sensibility will be perceived to have four voices, one heard and three unheard: each poetical statement has three judges as the reader recalls the structural parallels and recurrent ideas of all the poems. Professor Matthiessen has contributed greatly toward such a full reading by his treatment of analogies to music in the general form and particular motifs of the work: in his article he may be said to have followed the pattern of analysis which most nearly resembles the pattern of response proper to the poems.[1] Moreover, his article in many points unifies and supplements certain earlier studies[2] which had been concerned with the problems raised by the individual poems as they appeared—with pointing out allusions and indicating the main lines of thought, and not primarily with the musical analogy; but Matthiessen's interest throughout is in that central question, and so I can justly complain that no one yet has discussed in the needed minuteness of detail what I consider the essentially ironic employment of allusion and imagery by Eliot in the four poems regarded as a whole, and I can set to work on the message without fear of repeating what has been done before. Generally speaking anything written in words is a message. Certainly these poems have some import as significant speech; they exhibit as well as a musical, a philosophical dialectic, and the appreciation of the one grows with the understanding of the other. This article will examine the poems as sustained argument.

What are the *Four Quartets* about? Mr. Eliot is a Christian poet with philosophical training, and the poems may be generally spoken of as treating of poetry and a philosophical concept from the Christian point of view. I suggest a text from the New Testament as particularly relevant to the poems as argument: it is Ephesians 5: 15-17: "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, Redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord

[1] F. O. Matthiessen, "Eliot's Quartets" (*Kenyon Review*, V, 1944, 161-78).

[2] J. J. Sweeney, "*East Coker:* a Reading" (*Southern Review*, VI, 1941, 771-91); C. Bradford, "Footnotes to *East Coker:* a Reading" (*Sewanee Review*, LII, 1944, 109-75); J. J. Sweeney, "*Little Gidding:* Introductory to a Reading" (*Poetry*, July, 1943, 214-23).

is."[3] The *Four Quartets* deal with what are for the Christian the basic realities—sin and grace—in terms of time and redeeming the time, and in a secondary sense they deal with the poet's task in the context of time and redeeming thetime. We shall find it convenient first to follow the argument regarding time and redemption, with some supplementary remarks on the subject of Eliot's relation to Eastern religion, and then quite briefly to consider what is said of the poet and his calling.

I

Burnt Norton opens with these lines:

> Time present and time past
> Are both perhaps present in time future,
> And time future contained in time past.

That is to say: a deterministic and evolutionary conception of the world process may be a valid one—all the potentialities of the future being contained in the past, and every occurrence of past and present having a necessary outcome in the future and thus in a sense being present there. Eliot admits the actuality of time and in so doing grants a great deal to philosophies of flux which make difficult the ascription of more than relative value to any human activity or knowledge. The motive for such a concession appears as the poem continues:

> If all time is eternally present
> All time is unredeemable—

a conclusion contrary to the Christian faith which admonishes us not to annihilate time philosophically or mystically, but to redeem it. Because we live in an actual time and not in a disguised eternity; because the events of the world and of our experience are historical and changing and not eternally present; ultimately because the universe and time as part of it are created things and not a self-contained, all-containing system, we may hope for and believe in a redemption—something new that happens only once, something given from outside time. To be redeemed, time must exist.

History does not redeem itself, and unless redeemed, the world of flux, our world, is most truly represented to us under the image of the dim misty realm of Hades, the place where past and future, regret and anxiety, tear the flesh of our mortality:

> Here is a place of disaffection
> Time before and time after
> In a dim light . . .
> Only a flicker
> Over the strained time-ridden faces
> Distracted from distraction by distraction
> Filled with fancies and empty of meaning

[3]The metaphor is that of the market-place: redeeming the time is not making up for lost time but buying up the present critical time.

Tumid apathy with no concentration
Men and bits of paper, whirled by the cold wind
That blows before and after time,
Wind in and out of unwholesome lungs
Time before and time after.

The same image is used in *The Dry Salvages* with the suggestion less of a predicament of persons external to us than of the very condition of our existence, "under the oppression of the silent fog." There too he develops the conception of unredeemed time through the metaphor of the river: the process of events in the world, like the river, sets limits on our activity and poses technical problems for us to overcome. Within us too the river of time flows, the slow progress of our day to day experience marked in our growth, maturing, aging; its uncontrolled, unadjustable character proved by the catastrophes which may befall us:

I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable,
Patient to some degree, at first recognised as a frontier;
Useful, untrustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce;
Then only a problem confronting the builder of bridges.
The problem once solved, the brown god is almost forgotten
By the dwellers in cities—ever, however, implacable,
Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer, reminder
Of what men choose to forget. Unhonoured, unpropitiated
By worshippers of the machine, but waiting, watching and waiting.
His rhythm was present in the nursery bedroom,
In the rank ailanthus of the April dooryard,
In the smell of grapes on the autumn table,
And the evening circle in the winter gaslight.

Such is time present; time future, the object of the unredeemed man's anxious hope, Eliot speaks of as

time counted by anxious worried women
Lying awake, calculating the future,
Trying to unweave, unwind, unravel
And piece together the past and the future,
Between midnight and dawn, when the past is all deception,
The future futureless. . . .

It should be noticed that past and future fall under the same strictures: Eliot rejects man's unaided efforts to redeem himself by establishing control over the process of time:

To communicate with Mars, converse with spirits,
To report the behaviour of the sea monster,
Describe the horoscope, haruspicate or scry,
Observe disease in signatures, evoke
Biography from the wrinkles of the palm
And tragedy from fingers; release omens
By sortilege, or tea leaves, riddle the inevitable
With playing cards, fiddle with pentagrams
Or barbituric acids, or dissect
The recurrent image into pre-conscious terrors—
To explore the womb, or tomb, or dreams; all these are usual

> Pastimes and drugs, and features of the press:
> And always will be, some of them especially
> When there is distress of nations and perplexity
> Whether on the shores of Asia, or in the Edgware road.
> Men's curiosity searches past and future
> And clings to that dimension.

The past as the sum of human wisdom he likewise rejects—the past which he has long tended to regard as an ideal order nourishing that classicism and royalism which once in a published sentence assumed a co-ordinate place for him with the Catholic faith. Eliot at no time accepted the religion of humanism, though he has placed a value on the humanists' sense of the past, the daylight view of the flux of event as "slow rotation suggesting permanence"; but this is how their attitude toward experience appears to him in the last analysis:

> What was to be the value of the long looked forward to,
> Long hoped for calm, the autumnal serenity
> And the wisdom of age? Had they deceived us
> Or deceived themselves, the quiet-voiced elders,
> Bequeathing us merely a receipt for deceit?
> The serenity only a deliberate hebetude,
> The wisdom only the knowledge of dead secrets
> Useless in the darkness into which they peered
> Or from which they turned their eyes. . . .
> Do not let me hear
> Of the wisdom of old men, but rather of their folly,
> Their fear of fear and frenzy, their fear of possession,
> Of belonging to another, or to others, or to God.

With what reservations Eliot persists in classicism we may observe by examining a short passage in *East Coker*. Goethe says of romanticism: "All these poets write as though they were ill, and as though the whole world were a hospital"[4]; and Eliot uses the same image to apply to modern society and what he would regard as its essentially romantic effort technically to adjust itself to itself and cure its own disease:

> The whole earth is our hospital
> Endowed by the ruined millionaire,
> Wherein, if we do well, we shall
> Die of the absolute paternal care
> That will not leave us, but prevents us everywhere.

But lacking in Goethe and present in Eliot is the conviction that man's condition is actually a sickness unto death.

In a passage full of seventeenth-century echoes the poet in *Little Gidding* resists the temptation to follow the antique drum of royalism and Church politics: the three men on the scaffold, whom I take to be King Charles, Strafford, and Laud, and the one who died blind and quiet, Milton, are "folded into a single party" and "accept the constitution of silence." The qualifications with which this may be asserted we shall examine later;

[4]Goethe to Eckermann, September 24, 1827; quoted in Irving Babbitt, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, 309.

Eliot here detaches himself, not from the idea of tradition and certainly not from the pattern of sacramental living which we in Christendom had once and have lost, but from political and religious antiquarianism, the projection onto the past of our distracted yearning, the summoning of "the spectre of a rose."

> We cannot think of a time that is oceanless
> Or of an ocean not littered with wastage
> Or of a future that is not liable
> Like the past, to have no destination.

II

The poems do not treat only of time: they treat also of the redemption of time; and from the opening lines Eliot sets in motion a dialectical interplay between the time-ridden flux of regret and anxiety, and something else—the granted moments of timeless experience and the works of grace. *Burnt Norton* first establishes the actuality of time and then proceeds to a discussion of what might have been:

> What might have been is an abstraction
> Remaining a perpetual possibility
> Only in a world of speculation.
> What might have been and what has been
> Point to one end, which is always present.

What is it that "might have been"? A moment of ecstasy. In its first and simplest, most universal and yet most transitory form we may perhaps be able to recall such a moment by an imaginative return to the time when infancy emerges into the world of childhood and, as yet unblinded by sin and undistracted by the claims of past and future, perceives the presence in the garden of angels:

> Other echoes
> Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?
> Quick, said the bird, find them, find them,
> Round the corner. Through the first gate,
> Into our first world, shall we follow
> The deception of the thrush? Into our first world.
> There they were, dignified, invisible,
> Moving without pressure, over the dead leaves,
> In the autumn heat, through the vibrant air,
> And the bird called, in response to
> The unheard music hidden in the shrubbery,
> And the unseen eyebeams crossed, for the roses
> Had the look of flowers that are looked at.
> There they were as our guests, accepted and accepting.
> So we moved, and they, in a formal pattern,
> Along the empty alley, into the box circle,
> To look down into the drained pool.
> Dry the pool, dry concrete, brown edged,
> And the pool was filled with water out of sunlight,
> And the lotos rose, quietly, quietly,
> The surface glittered out of heart of light,

And they were behind us, reflected in the pool.
Then a cloud passed, and the pool was empty.

Because "flesh cannot endure" such an experience, whether as a child in actuality or as an adult in memory, we always refuse it, and the thrush in either case is a deceiver promising more than we can accept. From that first failure spring excitement and disaffection; what remains of it for us is a "perpetual possibility," something forever desired and regretted.[5]

Then a cloud passed, and the pool was empty.
Go, said the bird, for the leaves were full of children,
Hidden excitedly, containing laughter.
Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.
Time past and time future
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.

But the very actuality of time makes possible the hope that something may happen which will permit us to choose that sort of experience:

Time past and time future
Allow but a little consciousness.
To be conscious is not to be in time
But only in time can the moment in the rose-garden. . .
Be remembered; involved with past and future.
Only through time time is conquered.

For light may fall at any time on the moving dust which is our flesh and the moment be thus restored:

Sudden in a shaft of sunlight
Even while the dust moves
There rises the hidden laughter
Of children in the foliage
Quick now, here, now, always—
Ridiculous the waste sad time
Stretching before and after.

Such a state of pure immediacy casts a momentary light even on this dimly lit place of disaffection; something like that occurs in everyone's experience on occasion, and between these moments we have a sense of something lost, something supremely regrettable and desirable.

The experience of *Burnt Norton* reappears in *East Coker* but is looked upon in a slightly different way:

The laughter in the garden, echoed ecstasy
Not lost, but requiring, point to the agony
Of death and birth.

There the memory or sense of the possibility of such an event judges the life which fails in love, and supplies the inner requirement which leads the soul to conversion. Into the voluntary and, in a sense, self-imposed dark-

[5] I am indebted to an excellent article by Leonard Unger, "T. S. Eliot's Rose Garden: a Persistent Theme" (*Southern Review*, VII, 1941-2). What I take to be a description of immaterial presences he adduces as proof that "the scene is not genuine"; but we agree that the experience imposes "an unbearable strain on the limited human capacity."

ness of penance comes a surer and brighter gift of light which the purified soul is better able to accept. The redeemed moment no longer appears and as a cloud passes fades, but has a quality like duration and can be compared to the dance—the symbol of ordinate love as opposed to disaffection:

> The association of man and woman
> In daunsinge, signifying matrimonie—
> A dignified and commodious sacrament.
> Two and two, necessarye coniunction,
> Holding eche other by the hand or the arm
> Whiche betokeneth concorde. . . .

If his time is to be so redeemed, a man will renounce all human things, even spiritual striving if wrongly directed, even the theological virtues if not apprehended according to the spirit:

> I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you
> Which shall be the darkness of God. . . .
> I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope
> For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love
> For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith
> But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.
> Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought:
> So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.

In *The Dry Salvages* Eliot discusses the possibility even of making man's sustained activity and efforts the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. *East Coker* has prepared for this:

> Not the intense moment
> Isolated, with no before and after,
> But a lifetime burning in every moment. . . .
> We must be still and still moving
> Into another intensity
> For a further union, a deeper communion. . . .

This possibility exists because in the history of mankind the event of the Incarnation has occurred, when the eternal Creator of time at one time entered the world of His creation and lived a lifetime as a man:

> The hint half guessed, the gift half understood, is Incarnation.
> Here the impossible union
> Of spheres of existence is actual,
> Here the past and future
> Are conquered, and reconciled,
> Where action were otherwise movement
> Of that which is only moved
> And has in it no source of movement—
> Driven by daemonic, chthonic
> Powers. And right action is freedom
> From past and future also. . . .

Because of this event history is no longer to be regarded as impelled by the forces of Hades; redeemed persons are set free.

Prayer and work and a pilgrimage to the world's end issue finally not simply in a clear moment where a surface glitters out of heart of light, but in the gift of a clear hour, where past and future may be regarded with an

equal—that is, an undistracted—mind and all history seen as a "pattern of timeless moments," as the inner history of the Church. Then we may "serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear"[6] and say in the words of Dame Julian of Norwich, "Sin is Behovely, but all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well."

III

To what degree is experience proper to the Eastern religions relevant to Eliot's Christian witness? The question inevitably occurs to a close reader of the poems or to anyone who has heard them read, and the difficulties attendant upon it should not be underestimated. Consider for a moment the logic of this passage in *Burnt Norton:*

> Descend lower, descend only
> Into the world of perpetual solitude,
> World not world, but that which is not world,
> Internal darkness, deprivation
> And destitution of all property,
> Desiccation of the world of sense,
> Evacuation of the world of fancy,
> Inoperancy of the world of spirit;
> This is the one way, and the other
> Is the same, not in movement
> But abstention from movement; while the world moves
> In appetency, on its metalled ways
> Of time past and time future.

The *via negativa* of the Christian mystics is spoken of as "the one way" out of the place of disaffection; it is a voluntary descent from "dim light" into the total darkness of renunciation. But in addition to this one way, Eliot speaks of "the other" which is not a descent but an abstention from movement. How can this be regarded as in any sense "the same" as the one way? Only thus: to attain a genuine abstention from movement in a world following its appetites is tantamount to descent, and an effort to abstain amounts to renunciation. We should notice, however, that whether that interpretation be right or wrong, the whole emphasis of the passage falls on the five words, "This is the one way."

East Coker, which is the doctrinal heart of the work, contains no passage which could be construed as relating to non-Christian experience: indeed, it mentions more prominently than the other poems the one thing which sets Christianity off from other religions, the Cross. Its poetic centre is a lyric developing the metaphor of the sickness unto death; this lyric takes the form of a hymn to Christ crucified. I quote the first and last stanzas:

> The wounded surgeon plies the steel
> That questions the distempered part;
> Beneath the bleeding hands we feel

[6] *Little Gidding* is a poem dominated by the image of fire; and the scriptural passage which I have just used is followed by this: "For our God is a consuming fire." Hebrews 12: 29.

The sharp compassion of the healer's art
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

The dripping blood our only drink,
The bloody flesh our only food:
In spite of which we like to think
That we are sound, substantial flesh and blood—
Again, in spite of that, we call this Friday good.

In *The Dry Salvages* Eliot quotes Krishna's admonition to Arjuna on the battlefield of active life not to think of the results of his actions in the flux of event but to regard only the one thing which can have a meaningful effect on the lives of others—the sphere of being on which the mind of a man may be intent as in each moment he dies. This in itself is quite compatible with Christian doctrine, which will not permit us to regard a man as judged by the contribution of his actions to the outward progress of history; and if there should linger any doubts, the succeeding sections of the poem will resolve them. A hymn to the Blessed Virgin follows, expressive of the distinctively Christian feeling of sorrow for the lost:

Also pray for those who were in ships, and
Ended their voyage on the sand, in the sea's lips
Or in the dark throat that will not reject them
Or wherever cannot reach them the sound of the sea bell's
Perpetual angelus.

And the concluding section discusses the significance of the Incarnation as freeing man by right action from past and future; there is no suggestion of abstention from movement as an alternative way in these lines:

And right action is freedom
From past and future also.
For most of us, this is the aim
Never here to be realised;
Who are only undefeated
Because we have gone on trying;
We, content at the last
If our temporal reversion nourish
(Not too far from the yew-tree)
The life of significant soil.

The state of being which the Christian hopes to attain is not "fixity where past and future are gathered" but the "release from action and suffering, the inner and the outer compulsion"; he values that dance-like condition, where love is the "cause and end of movement."

The third section of *Little Gidding* opens with these lines:

There are three conditions which often look alike
Yet differ completely, flourish in the same hedgerow:
Attachment to self and to things and to persons, detachment
From self and from things and from persons; and,
growing between them, indifference
Which resembles the others as death resembles life,
Being between two lives—unflowering, between
The live and the dead nettle.

Sin is attachment, the dead nettle; grace is detachment, the live nettle:

both conditions are painful. Indifference grows, but is not compared to a plant; unflowering and dead, it is the thing to be rejected. Indifference and detachment are distinguished in the succeeding lines:

> This is the use of memory:
> For liberation—not less of love but expanding
> Of love beyond desire, and so liberation
> From the future as well as the past. Thus, love of a country
> Begins as attachment to our own field of action
> And comes to find that action of little importance
> Though never indifferent. History may be servitude,
> History may be freedom. See, now they vanish,
> The faces and places, with the self which, as it could, loved them,
> To become renewed, transfigured, in another pattern.

Indifference is a failure to love; the ordering of love by grace leads to something quite other than indifference, a detachment from the outcome of action in the world. It is in this context that the events of the seventeenth century are examined. All the persons to whom Eliot alludes, on either side in the English Civil War, are "united in the strife which divided them," united in the profession of Christianity and the inevitable human concern for the temporal well-being of the Church. The royalists on the scaffold and the defender of the regicides, obscure people such as those at Little Gidding and perhaps Crashaw, a friend of the establishment who died a Roman Catholic, abroad and forgotten—some were right and some wrong perhaps, but when we regard the historical outcome of their struggle from today's point of view, we realize that all were defeated in so far as they worked for the outward flourishing of the Church, but that all have contributed to its inner history. A detached and ordinate love can therefore praise the operation of the Holy Spirit in them, and, by valuing only that, submit more understandingly to the will of God.

> We cannot revive old factions
> We cannot restore old policies
> Or follow an antique drum.
> These men, and those who opposed them
> And those whom they opposed
> Accept the constitution of silence
> And are folded in a single party.
> Whatever we inherit from the fortunate
> We have taken from the defeated
> What they had to leave us—a symbol:
> A symbol perfected in death.
> And all shall be well and
> All manner of thing shall be well
> By the purification of the motive
> In the ground of our beseeching.

As final proof, if any were needed, that Eliot accepts the pains and comforts of the Christian religion, I quote without comment the hymn to the Holy Spirit which follows the passage on history we have just considered.

> The dove descending breaks the air
> With flame of incandescent terror

Of which the tongues declare
The one discharge from sin and error.
The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre—
To be redeemed from fire by fire.

Who then devised the torment? Love.
Love is the unfamiliar Name
Behind the hands that wove
The intolerable shirt of flame
Which human power cannot remove.
We only live, only suspire
Consumed by either fire or fire.

IV

The main argument of the work, as I understand it, has to do with time and redeeming the time. A secondary concern of the poems as statement is to deal, in the context of the main argument, with poetry and the life of the poet.

Poetry, like the other things of this world, exists in the flow of time and falls under its law of corruption and death. Too often poetry yields to the temptation to build vast systems of emotional logic out of vain regret for the past or vain anxiety for the future:

The crying shadow in the funeral dance,
The loud lament of the disconsolate chimera.

That constitutes its corruption, and death is the silence for which it reaches.

But something in the poem—the pattern or form—reaches not for death but for the living condition of stillness. Eliot, we should notice, uses the word *still* throughout the work to characterize real and timeless moments as opposed to the drift of time. It is an ambiguous word, and we are meant to perceive and accept the ambiguity of such lines as these:

the light is still
At the still point of the turning world.

The stillness, as a Chinese jar still
Moves perpetually in its stillness.

So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.

We must be still and still moving.

Still may mean reposeful, motionless; it may also mean lasting, even everlasting. The still moment stands outside the flux of time, yet possesses duration and patterned motion like the dance.

Some of the more prosaic and straightforward passages in the work speak of the poet at his time of life and of the task laid upon him by his art:

So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of *l'entre deux guerres*
Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure

Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion. And what there is to conquer
By strength and submission, has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope
To emulate—but there is no competition—
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again: and now, under conditions
That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss.
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.

The question, "What is the late November doing With the disturbance of the spring?" is answered and the weariness of "the failing pride or resentment at failing powers" is triumphantly overcome at the opening of *Little Gidding* when the clear hour of mid-winter spring is described. But lest we should think this a permanent release from toil and anguish in the world, Eliot places after it the encounter with the "familiar compound ghost." The spirit of a dead poet returns (like Hamlet's father) from Purgatory, and he has this to say of the poet's task and his crown:

Since our concern was speech, and speech impelled us
To purify the dialect of the tribe
And urge the mind to aftersight and foresight,
Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age
To set a crown upon your lifetime's effort.
First, the cold friction of expiring sense
Without enchantment, offering no promise
But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit
As body and soul begin to fall asunder.
Second, the conscious impotence of rage
At human folly, and the laceration
Of laughter at what ceases to amuse.
And last, the rending pain of re-enactment
Of all that you have done, and been; the shame
Of motives late revealed, and the awareness
Of things ill done and done to others' harm
Which once you took for exercise of virtue.
Then fools' approval stings, and honour stains.

But the speech of the ghost, for all its bitterness, ends with a return to the metaphor of the dance:

From wrong to wrong the exasperated spirit
Proceeds, unless restored by that refining fire
Where you must move in measure, like a dancer.

The matter of poetry and the other themes of the poems are together resolved at the end of *Little Gidding*. I mention "themes" and "resolutions" advisedly, for I wish once again to emphasize the fact that we have been dealing all along with poems, and with poems moreover which are constructed according to an intricate musical pattern. I shall therefore not attempt the impossible, a summary of the argument taken by itself.

LUTHER AND GERMANY

R. Coper

THE fourth centenary of Dr. Martin Luther's death (February 18) finds his beloved Germany in a state of prostration surpassed only by her chaos in 1648. That chaos had been the result of the Thirty Years' War which was in part an expression of the German social revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but owing to the Reformation, the work of Luther, this revolution assumed largely the form of religious struggles. Today there are voices that ascribe a share in recent events also to Luther's influence. It was his teaching, these voices say, that contributed to make the Germans aggressive.

We will examine this contention for the sake of historical truth and to do justice to Luther's memory on the occasion of this centenary. To this end we will inquire into his teachings concerning the relations between the magistracy and the individual, and the magistracy and the Church; and we will try to assess the influence of these teachings, and the Reformation in general, upon Germany up to the present.

I

Luther never used the word "State" but always spoke of the "magistracy." This had a twofold historical reason. First, he naturally illustrated his arguments by quotations from the Gospel, and the "powers that be" which the Gospel acknowledges and confirms (especially, Romans 13) were princes—"Give unto Caesar." Secondly, Luther lived in a time in which no State in the modern sense existed in Germany. There was no central power; the Emperor ruled in name only, and his greatest feudal vassals were just changing into absolute monarchs over their territories. It was these territorial princes whom Luther had in mind when he spoke of the secular authority (*weltliche Obrigkeit*) or magistracy.

His argument concerning the relation between the magistracy and the individual is scattered in many of his writings, but a comprehensive statement of it is to be found in "Dr. Martin Luther's Epistle on the Secular Authority, How Far We Must Obey It? Early 1523." All men must be divided in two groups: those who belong to the realm of God and those who belong to the realm of the world. The former are righteous in Christ and under Christ, they do not stand in need of a worldly sword or a worldly law. The worldly law is given to the unjust in order that it may teach, compel, and urge them to do good. A prince who wants to be a true Christian must rule with confidence in God and with prayer. Were there any such princes? "God the Almighty has made our princes mad so that they believe they can do as they like themselves and bid their subjects as they like.... People of this kind were once called knaves; now we must call them Christian and

obedient princes." But a Christian does not need their protection; he must suffer evil and injustice; he must not avenge himself for wrongs; he must not protect himself through the worldly courts of justice. For others, however, those who live in the realm of the world, he must seek vengeance, right, protection, and aid. "And thus both things work well together, that you render satisfaction to God's realm as well as to the realm of the world, externally and inwardly, that you suffer evil and injustice yet at the same time punish evil and injustice; that you do not resist evil and yet resist it."

"Both things work well together." But in fact nothing worked well. To see this one must only look at the innumerable German interpretations of Luther's doctrine concerning the relation between the individual and the magistracy. Much of these interpretations has been misinterpretation. Much else in Luther's writings has been suppressed or forgotten.

He said in the same "Epistle": "The tyrants have issued an order that all copies of the New Testament must be surrendered to the authorities. Here, their subjects shall do thus: not a leaf, not a letter shall they surrender, on pain of forfeiting their salvation." Pastor Niemoeller stood firmly on Lutheran ground when he refused to accept orders about religious matters from the Nazi government.

Luther said also this, in discussing the question of whether or not a Christian prince ought to go to war: "If a prince is in the wrong, is it his people's duty to follow him? Answer: No." Pastor Niemoeller did not say: No. He said: Right or wrong, it is my country. It was wrong.

And Luther said: "If all the world were true Christians, i.e., true believers, no king, no lord, no sword, and no law would be necessary or useful." But he believed this ideal of a society without authoritarian government to be unattainable because "no man is by nature Christian or pious, but all are sinners and evil." True democracy, true government by the people, is the modern social and political expression of that profoundly Christian ideal of Luther's. But government by the people would have been an un-Christian concept to him in his pessimism regarding the nature of man. Large sections of the Lutheran Church in Germany have persisted in that pessimism. To see why this has come to pass we must look at Luther's view on the relation between the magistracy and the Church, and at the development this relation has taken in fact.

II

Luther's doctrine of salvation through faith, of justification through faith alone, "came like a new Revelation to a part of Christendom." Two points in this doctrine are of importance with respect to the relation between the magistracy and the Church. The Church is not an object of sensory perception: it is an invisible spiritual community; and priesthood is universal: every Christian can be saved without the mediation of a priest. But although the Church is invisible, it needs a constitution to regulate its

activities, and it needs officers to carry out these activities, that is to say, it needs a clergy, "for not all can officiate; and it is not proper to perform baptisms and administer the sacraments in every house. . . . Else a church would grow up or would be established where each neighbour preached to the other and all of them did everything as they pleased."

The crucial question was: who was to appoint the clergy to their offices? In the first eight years of his reform activities (1517-25) Luther presented two entirely different answers. In one of his most important pamphlets, "Epistle to the Christian Nobility of German Nationality" of July, 1520, he said: "As the worldly authority are baptized like ourselves, have the same faith and Gospel, we must let them be priest and bishop and must count their office as an office that belongs and is useful to the Christian community." As bishops appointed the lesser clergy, Luther here declared himself in favour of handing over the power of the keys in his reformed Church to the territorial princes. But three years later, in November, 1523, he wrote in a "Letter to the Council and Municipality of Prague": "In a community in which all have the same right no one shall administer the right unless being chosen by the whole community." This pointed to a presbyterial constitution. Both answers, of course, were rejections of the practice of the Catholic Church. But why did Luther change so completely between 1520 and 1523? Because he had come to realize more and more clearly the worthlessness of the "Christian" princes of his time. He no longer would entrust them with any function in the "realm of God." More particularly, he saw that many of the princes were only waiting to gobble up the vast estates of which the Reformation would dispossess the Catholic Church. He wanted to reserve the usufruct of these estates for the new Church; we shall see more about this presently.

Another two years later the same princes, in so far as they had embraced the new faith, began to become, each in his territory, *summus episcopus*, and they lustily gobbled up the estates of the old Church, all of it with the blessing and active assistance of Luther. What had happened?

III

From 1476, the peasants in the greater part of Germany had been restless. Many outbreaks of rebellion had occurred sporadically over those fifty years. A general revolt was in the air in 1525. Luther saw it coming. In April of that year he wrote "Dr. Martin Luther's Exhortation to Peace upon the Twelve Articles of the Peasantry."

The "peasants and those subject to ecclesiastical lords" had issued a statement in the form of twelve articles. In the first of these, they petitioned that each community should have the right to elect its preacher "to teach us continually the true faith." The second article petitioned that the tithe should be confined to corn only, as "established by the Old Testament and fulfilled in the New." Nothing was said in the Gospel of the tithes in cattle

and services that they were forced to render to the old Church. From the legitimate tithe, the church provost "whomsoever the community may appoint . . . shall give to the pastor, elected by the whole community, a decent and sufficient maintenance. . . . What remains over shall be given to the poor of the place." Luther's influence was visible in these two articles. The rest of them dealt with the peasants' old complaints concerning hunting, fishing, and fire-bote, villainage and other burdens.

In his "Exhortation," Luther addressed himself first to the princes. "To begin with, there is no one we have to thank for this lawlessness and rebellion but you princes and lords. . . . They have submitted twelve articles some of which are so just that they put you to shame before God and the world. . . . What good would it be if a peasant's field bore as many florins as stalks and grains of corn, and if then the magistracy took the more and dissipated it on clothes, gorging, guzzling, building, and the like as if it were chaff? . . . Further information you have obtained from their handbills where they present their complaints clearly enough." Then he turned to the peasants, talking to them in mild, paternal tones, quoting chapter and verse. In the end he told both parties that they were not Christians, the peasants because they did not resign themselves to suffering wrongs, and the princes because they were tyrants and persecutors of God and men. "Now I have advised you Christianly and brotherly, please God may it help. Amen."

It did not help. The storm broke loose, perhaps the most savage storm in the history of civil war. Among the foremost spiritual and intellectual leaders of the peasants was Thomas Münzer, born about 1490, like Luther a preacher. But unlike Luther he preached Christian equality and fraternity on earth. Luther lived at Wittenberg in Saxony, and Münzer not far away, at Allstedt in Thuringia. In August, 1524, Luther had grown alarmed by Münzer's activities. He wrote "Dr. Martin Luther's Letter to the Princes of Saxony on the Rebellious Spirit." The princes of the territory of Saxony were the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Thuringia. He called upon them to forestall the insurrection. "Satan has made his nest in Allstedt. . . . It must be a bad spirit that can prove its fruit no otherwise than by tearing down churches and monasteries and burning Saints." Such acts were wrong; "some say I have done more injury to the Pope without violence than a mighty king could do." However, "I would think better of the spirit of Allstedt if it moved and stormed against Dresden, or Berlin, or Ingolstadt, and there tore down monasteries and burned Saints." This was a strange logic, but these cities were either indifferent to the new faith, or they were centres of the theological opposition to Luther.

The "Satan of Allstedt" thundered back against the "easy-living flesh at Wittenberg" and at the same time pleaded movingly:

> Behold, our great and lords are the font of usury and thieving and robbing, they take all creatures for their property, every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, everything must be theirs. And then they send forth

God's Commandment among the poor and speak: "God has commanded, thou shalt not steal"; but it does not serve them. Now, they incite all men, pluck off their skin from off them, and their flesh from off their bones, and if he then lays hands on the sanctuary he must hang. Then Dr. Liar says Amen. It is the lords' own fault that the poor man becomes their enemy. They will not do away with the cause of the rebellion—how then can things go well at length? If I speak thus I am called rebellious. So be it.

At the height of the Peasant War, in May, 1525, appeared "Dr. Martin Luther's Pamphlet against the Robbing and Murdering Peasants." He felt constrained, he began, to make the peasants see their sin and to instruct the conscience of the magistracy. This instruction has become famous: "Such wondrous times are now that a prince can deserve heaven better by spilling blood than others can by praying. . . . Therefore, dear lords, deliver here, save here, help here, take pity on the poor, whosoever is fit shall stab, club, and strangle here." Thomas Münzer was executed and hundreds of thousands of peasants were slaughtered by the lansquenets of the princes, not to mention those who were merely tortured and blinded.

The peasants who survived, and generations of their offspring, lost all civil rights. Serfdom was not abolished in Germany until a hundred years ago. Up to then, and for a few decades thereafter, the great majority of Germans were peasants and agricultural workers. The contention that the Lutheran faith has contributed to make "the Germans" aggressive for centuries past would have to be based on three points that have not been satisfactorily investigated so far: that the Lutheran German country people (with the Calvinists less than two-thirds of all German country people, the rest being Catholics) were unaware of Luther's share in the prolongation of their serfdom; secondly, that they really lived according to their Lutheran faith; and, thirdly, that such piety combined with serfdom was conducive to create an aggressive spirit.

IV

Towards the end of the Middle Ages the practice of visitations grew out of the decay of the Roman Church. On the strength of papal privileges, the territorial princes sent commissions to visit ecclesiastical institutions. These commissions had the right to depose and appoint bishops and to regulate the spiritual and secular activities of churches, monasteries, and schools. In June, 1524, Duke John Frederick of Saxony invited Luther to spread the new faith through visitations as its voluntary spreading left much to be desired. Luther did not respond; he rejected any kind of coercion in matters of faith, especially if that coercion was to be connected with the magistracy. But in November, 1525, after the end of the Peasant War, he wrote to Elector John, "I humbly venture to suggest that you should order all the churches in your dominions to be visited." Now it was His Most Serene High-born Prince who did not respond. The reason may be seen from another letter that Luther addressed to him exactly a year later: "The complaints of the clergy everywhere have reached a climax. The peasant

will give nothing, and there is so much ingratitude among the people for the Word of God that there is no doubt He will send a plague among us. . . . Now the papal rule is at an end in Your Serene Highness' land, and *all the monasteries have reverted to you as the head*, these bring obligations with them . . . duties that devolve upon you, and which no one else should take up" (italics added).

It was true, the masses of the people were irreligious. For a long time past they had turned away from the Catholic Church and the Christian faith because of the Church's enormous riches and the excesses of its dignitaries, while they were oppressed and exploited. Now the wealth was going to the princes and nobles in the name of the Gospel and the new faith, while their exploitation and oppression was increasing immeasurably in consequence of the Peasant War. This state of affairs did not lead them back to religion; they were too sinful and too unrepentant to make Luther's fine distinctions between the realm of God and the realm of the world. But the threat of paganism was dangerous to the princes. If property rights that had not been questioned for centuries were suddenly broken down there might be no end to further disturbances. It was necessary for new rights to take the place of the old. According to the medieval thinking that still pervaded everything, these new rights had to have a basis in religion. Certain German historians have described this process by declaring that the Protestant princes bethought themselves of their Christian duties. The Gospel was spread by visitations. The church estates remained in the hands of princes and nobles, to be sure, but the princes administered the Church's secular affairs; they paid the clergy, and looked after anything else that was necessary in this respect.

What could Luther have done? What could Münzer have done? Contemporary and later enemies of Luther accused him of having caused the Peasant War through his inflammatory writings against the Roman Church. As against this, his defenders argued that if the Peasant War had been due to Luther it would have raged with particular violence in those regions where the people had become Lutheran and where reaction attempted to force them back into the old Church; but the Lutheran regions in central Germany and in the then still predominantly Catholic north remained comparatively calm.

In 1523 Luther was right in declaring that he had done more harm to the Pope than a mighty king. But soon a long succession of inter-German religious wars began, and continued up to the Thirty Years' War. In these struggles the Reformation was more than once on the point of being wiped out. While Luther lived it was saved from extinction only because of the preoccupation of the Emperor, Charles V, with recurring wars against France and the Turks, to conduct which he was forced to make concessions to the Protestant princes.

Those inter-German religious wars coincided with, and were largely the expression of, two different extra-religious developments. One of them was

the social revolution that laid the groundwork for the rise of capitalism. The other was the shifting of the centre of gravity of European civilization from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Atlantic in consequence of the discovery of America. The principal European trade routes had led through the central south of Germany in the Middle Ages. Commerce and industry flourished along those routes. The north and east of Germany were economically backward except for a few Hanseatic towns that participated in the Baltic trade.

In view of these economic and social conditions it was natural that the Peasant War should have raged with particular violence in the advanced Catholic regions of Germany. The names of a large number of peasant leaders are known to us; they were almost without exception well-to-do people. Indeed, only a relatively strong class could wage that war. Where the peasants were completely downtrodden they did not rise. It was also natural that the princes of the backward regions should have been more accessible to new, progressive ideas. Thus it came about that the Reformation spread, generally speaking (but not in every case), in the backward regions of Germany first.

The accusation that Luther caused the Peasant War is untenable for another reason. As we have seen, a comparison of the pre-Luther and post-Luther demands of the peasants shows that Luther's teachings were but a new shoot grafted on the old stem. But the apologia must not go too far, and lest the picture of that once vehement fighter be distorted in another way we will quote a few more words he wrote before he turned into the "easy-living flesh at Wittenberg" and Münzer into the "Satan of Allstedt": "If the raving madness [of the Roman church] were to continue, it seems to me that no better counsel could be found against it than that kings and princes apply force, arm themselves, attack those evil men who have poisoned the entire world, and once for all make an end to this game with arms, not with words. If thieves are punished with swords, murderers with the rope, and heretics with fire, why do we not seize, with arms in hand, all those evil teachers of perdition, those popes, bishops, cardinals, and the entire crew of Roman Sodom? Why do we not wash our hands in their blood?"

In the midst of a social revolution that laid the groundwork for the rise of capitalism a victory of the peasants was impossible. Their undertaking, however, was not reactionary; on the contrary, the thinking of their leaders was almost three hundred years ahead of their time; they attempted what only the French Revolution could accomplish. By comparison, Luther was forward-looking, too, though not as much as the peasants; he was content to swim with the tide, and not desirous to go in advance of it. The tide swept absolutism to the top. Absolutism, if it wanted to maintain itself, had to subdue all churches. In this, Luther lent a hand, notwithstanding the fact that with magnificent self-deception he prided himself until the end of his days on having kept the magistracy from any influence on

religious affairs. Absolutism, when it began to decay, had to oppose all progress by reaction. Luther's hysterically irresponsible behaviour in the Peasant War was but one example of his personal intervention in matters social and political. The effects of his interventions worked on; they contributed for centuries to expand reaction in Germany beyond the necessities of absolutism, to make it an end in itself.

Starting out from the visitations, the Lutheran Church in Germany became in time part of the administrative machinery of the federal states (formerly, feudal territories). The history of the Lutheran Church in Germany became part of German political history.

V

If there are innumerable interpretations of Luther's ideas on the relation between the magistracy and the individual, there are even more interpretations of his ideas on the relation between the magistracy and the Church. As European thinking freed itself from medieval fetters, as philosophical systems were produced in rapid succession, German Protestant scholars vied with one another to interpret the relation between the magistracy and the Church in the light of each new philosophical system. To make confusion worse confounded, many of them read those systems into Luther's writings and tried to prove that their particular interpretation of the existing situation in their time was what Luther had in mind in his time.

All the while, of course, the actual situation had as little to do with Luther's thought as with that of the interpreters. The Church being no more than an administrative department of government, the relation between Church and State was determined by the political conditions which prevailed in any given federal state at any given time. And these political conditions were determined by the ruling classes and the monarchs. Before the First World War, that great scholar, Ernst Troeltsch, could write: "Luther's idea of the State and society continues to live only in the '*Weltanschauung*' of the Conservative Party." Max Lenz, a leading historian of Troeltsch's generation, wrote of those same ideas: "They have remained alive among us, intellectual forces, spiritual energies in our people. They have not died in our church and continue to work in our State. In them is rooted the right of our sword, its power and our obedience. . . . They are living in every public office, in our marriage and family, in morals and law, in the idea of our war and all the works of peace." This revolting corruption was what had remained of the spiritual heritage of Germany's profoundest religious mind. Professor Lenz was only one of many historians, theologians, Germanists, philosophers, and political scientists who continued to teach it in the universities of the Weimar Republic while many pastors who had studied in those universities continued to preach it from the pulpits of Lutheran churches. It continued to live in the public

offices, irrespective of whether or not the chancellors of the Weimar Republic happened to be Catholic.

The question arises why the Nazis found it necessary to persecute the Protestant Church if so many of its representatives in clerical and lay offices made it a docile tool in the hands of the State whose apparatus the Nazis took over. There were two reasons.

Luther, enwrapped in medieval thinking, had always dreamed of a universal Church, that is to say, a Protestant Reich Church. Such a Church was impossible as long as Catholic Habsburgs were the German emperors; more important, it was impossible as long as Germany was decentralized and had three large Churches of competing Christian confessions. The German emperors were Habsburgs in Luther's time, and they remained Habsburgs until the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire in 1806. The new German Reich, founded in 1871, was decentralized too. Moreover, the kings of Prussia who became German emperors *ex officio* were Reformed, not Lutheran, and the next important federal state, Bavaria, was Catholic. The Protestant churches remained *Landeskirchen* (federal churches), but all the three confessions, i.e., the Catholic, the Protestant (Lutheran), and the Reformed (Calvinist), obtained equal rights everywhere in Germany. The Reformed Church was even more closely connected with the State than the Lutheran. In Prussia the two evangelical Churches formed a union.

The Nazis centralized the Reich. It was natural that they should try by coercion to establish a Protestant Reich Church, although it would be difficult to say what it was to represent confessionally.

The second reason for the Nazis' persecution of the Protestant Church was more significant. We have seen that Luther's ideal was a society without authoritarian government; and that he permitted the Christian individual to differentiate between just and unjust wars. What appeared an unattainable ideal to him is today accepted by most men as a fundamental social and political principle. Its potential propagandization by a Lutheran Church that might become truly Lutheran and Christian under the stimulus of official barbarism was dangerous to the Nazi regime. This is the reason why the clerical "Lutheran" handy-men of the Nazis injected so much paganism into their "religion." Even more dangerous from the Nazi point of view was the distinction between just and unjust wars. The danger was increased by the fact that both ideas were contained in only one other system of political thought, modern socialism.

After 1918, the Protestant churches in Germany had suffered badly from the economic effects of the lost war. Until they recuperated to conduct their own financial affairs they were generously supported by Lutheran churches abroad, especially in the United States of America. Between the two wars, the agitation for a reformation of the Lutheran Church continued as vigorously as it had been carried on from the time of Luther himself. Christoph Schrempf (born 1860), a thoughtful theologian and philosopher

who resigned his position as pastor in 1891, once remarked that the clamoring and waiting for a reformation from the top relieved those who did the clamoring and waiting of the necessity of reforming themselves. To speak thus was somewhat unjust. In a State where the Church is part of the public administration—and it was little less so in the Weimar Republic than in the Empire—the Church can be reformed thoroughly only if the State itself is reformed thoroughly. A Church whose spiritual foundation has grown corrupt through its close ties with a corrupt State may become a danger even if that State is reformed; and especially if the Church is then to be separated from the State immediately. The United Nations, desirous to promote the freedom of worship, are not likely to concern themselves with this problem.

VI

Professor Lenz went on to say of Luther's ideas: "On their soil grew our entire classical literature, and they still dominate wide spheres of our art. Only upon them as foundation genuine tolerance and free research have been possible." This claim merits consideration.

We must not identify the effects of the Reformation with the influence of Luther. His religious thinking was profound; his economic, social, and political attitude was pragmatic in a deplorable sense; and his attitude toward science bordered on the obtuse. For instance, when told of Copernicus' theory of the revolution of the earth he retorted that that "astrologer" must be wrong; Joshua commanded the sun, not the earth, to stand still. To excuse this, as his German idolators do, by a reference to medieval thinking is to overlook the fact that Copernicus lived in the same intellectual atmosphere, and was even a dignitary of the Roman Church.

The spreading of the Reformation was accompanied by those inter-German struggles, most of them formally religious, which in their culmination, the Thirty Years' War, developed into a general European conflagration. The Thirty Years' War devastated Germany from end to end and reduced her population from twenty million souls to six million. During that whole period of one and a quarter centuries her spiritual and intellectual life was as barren as her material existence. But once peace came—peace, that is to say, from major man-made catastrophes, not from smaller wars—she eagerly absorbed, and developed independently, the new philosophies and scientific achievements and many of the new modes of life that had grown up in England, France, and other countries. It is true that in so far as German culture became again an integral part of European civilization this process started in her Protestant regions. It is true that her pre-classical and classical literature, music, and philosophy grew on Protestant soil—Bach, Leibniz, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Hegel. But could one think of German culture, that noble enrichment of Western civilization, without thinking of the Catholic Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Grillparzer? If it comes to those names which have injured the good

repute of "German culture," there are again two lines, one Protestant and one Catholic—Bismarck, H. S. Chamberlain, Hindenburg; and Metternich, Goebbels, Hitler.

Germans are best able to testify to the influence of Luther and the Reformation upon their culture. We will let three of them speak, representing different views.

Heine said: "Glory to Luther! Eternal glory to the dear man to whom we owe the salvation of our noblest possessions. . . . Protestantism conquered the freedom of thinking that is the soil on which, later, Leibniz, Kant, and Hegel could move—Luther, the giant with the axe, had to precede these warriors and pave the way for them."

Goethe, more balanced and measured in his judgment, said: "Luther worked to free us from clerical servitude. . . . He wormed his way through antiquated prejudices and separated the divine from the human, as far as man can separate, and what was more, he restored to the heart its freedom and made it more capable of love; but we must not be blinded as though he had conquered the realm from which he ejected someone else, we must not imagine that the old church is, therefore, an object of detestation and contempt." And: "The writings of Luther contain, if you will, much more superstition than those of our English monk [Roger Bacon]. How easy does not Luther make things for himself in explaining and removing through the devil, whom he has everywhere at hand, the most important phenomena of general and especially human nature in a superficial and barbarian way; and yet he is and remains what he was, extraordinary for his and future times. What mattered with him was action." It is not in contradiction with this appraisal that Goethe said somewhere else: "Frenchdom represses quiet learning in these turbulent days [the Napoleonic era], just as Lutherdom once did."

Heine was not unaware of the spiritual and intellectual havoc wreaked by the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but compared with the later effects of the Reformation that havoc weighed less with him than with Goethe. We must also remember that he wrote in the days of the European reaction, of the Holy Alliance. "Luther profoundly shook Germany—but Francis Drake calmed us again: he gave us the potato."*

If a German called Luther a "cursed monk," that German could only be Nietzsche. For what anything he said is worth, we will quote him.

> It was the chance of an extraordinary constellation of politics that Luther was preserved. . . . Without this curious counter-play of intentions, Luther would have been burnt like Huss,—and the morning sun of enlightenment would probably have risen somewhat earlier, and with a splendour more beauteous than we can now imagine.

And:

*A popular saying in Germany is: "The most stupid peasant has the largest potatoes." Heine was thinking of the stifling of intellectual activity in the Metternich era.

A German monk, Luther, came to Rome. . . . Instead of, with the profoundest gratitude, understanding the vast miracle that had taken place, the overcoming of Christianity at its *headquarters*,—the fire of his hate knew only how to draw fresh fuel from this spectacle. A religious man thinks only of himself. Luther saw the corruption of the Papacy when the very reverse stared him in the face: the old corruption, the *peccatum originale*, Christianity *no* longer sat upon the Papal chair! But Life! The Triumph of Life! The great yea to all lofty, beautiful and daring things! . . . And Luther reinstated the Church; he attacked it. The Renaissance thus became an event without meaning, a great *in vain!*— Ah these Germans, what have they not cost us already!

Heine, unlike Nietzsche, religious in his later days, a Protestant with the ardour of the convert (he had been Jewish)—Heine, too, saw the problem of the clash between Renaissance and Reformation, but he resolved it optimistically. "Leo X, that magnificent Medicean, was as zealous a Protestant as Luther; and just as at Wittenberg they protested in Latin prose, so they protested at Rome in stone, paint, and ottava rimas."

And there was another. Somewhere in his celebrated *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, Jakob Burckhardt dropped his pen, figuratively speaking, tilted his chair back, relaxed his scholarly sternness, and mused —Yes, if a Cesare Borgia had become Pope. . . .

Whether, without the Reformation, Germany would have produced a valuable modern culture has been a matter of much speculation. That with the Reformation she did produce such a culture is a fact.

BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGETICS

F. E. L. Priestley

MOST interpretations of "Bishop Blougram's Apology" have started with the assumption that the poem represents one of Browning's attempts to present the best that a generally contemptible character can say for himself, "an attempt to make a case for a sophistical and indulgent priest at his possible worst."[1] Such interpretations give to the word *apology* its popular meaning of a confession of error with a plea for lenience in judgment. As Miss Naish pointed out long ago, Browning's reported comments to Duffy are hard to reconcile with this view of the poem; if Browning drew a portrait of Wiseman as "a vulgar, fashionable priest, justifying his own cowardice,"[2] yet declared that the portrait was not a satire, and had "nothing hostile about it,"[3] then Browning was either a hypocrite more brazen than Gigadibs thought Blougram, or incredibly naive.

As a matter of fact, the critics in general, even Miss Naish, have paid too little attention to the significance of the title, and far too little attention to Gigadibs. The whole monologue is an *apology* in the sense of a piece of apologetics; its whole course is dictated by Gigadibs. In no other monologue of Browning's is the *muta persona* so important; in no other monologue is Browning so careful to keep us aware of the presence of the auditor. Every word of the Bishop's is uttered with a full understanding of the character of his guest, and of what his guest is thinking.

Consider for a moment who Gigadibs is, and why he is in the Bishop's presence. Gigadibs is a thirty year old journalist, ambitious for "success" (if his name means anything, success in terms of a gig and "dibs"). His contributions to *Blackwood's* have so far attracted no attention; his scholarly work, as yet unprinted, consists of "two points in Hamlet's soul Unseized by the Germans yet"; his one success is an imitation of Dickens, a piece of sensational journalism with a second-hand literary flavour. His mind is that of the ordinary third-rate journalist; the Bishop calls him "You . . . the rough and ready man who write apace, Read somewhat seldom, think perhaps even less"; he is on the alert for the sensational, the dramatic antithesis, "the honest thief, the tender murderer, The

[1]W. C. De Vane, *A Browning Handbook* (New York, 1935), 215. Cf. E. Dowden, *Robert Browning* (London, 1904), 197 ff.: "a nineteenth century sceptic's exposition of his Christian faith." Cf. also J. Fotheringham, *Studies of the Mind and Art of Robert Browning* (London, 1898), 363 ff. Recognition in various degrees of what I take to be Browning's real intention is to be found in E. M. Naish, *Browning and Dogma* (London, 1908), 63-91; J. A. Hutton, *Guidance from Robert Browning in Matters of Faith* (Edinburgh and London, 1903), 24-42; and C. R. Tracy, "Bishop Blougram" (*Modern Language Review*, XXXIV, 422-5): "Browning's real purpose was to comment on the problem of faith in a sceptical world."

[2]G. K. Chesterton, *Robert Browning* (New York, 1903), 201. [3]*Ibid.*, 188.

superstitious atheist"; he needs simple labels, neat summary phrases, "man of sense and learning too, The able to think yet act, the this, the that," to embody these dramatic journalistic contrasts. Phrases, indeed, serve him instead of thought; he has never pursued thoughts far enough to reach solid ground; his opinions are "loose cards, Flung daily down, and not the same way twice."

In his own estimation, however, Gigadibs is no ordinary figure. He is an artist-soul, with the artist's nobility of aim and stern integrity; "clever to a fault"; proud of his scepticism, since to him unbelief is a sign of honest thinking; proud of his vague aspirations, of his insistence on being himself, "imperial, plain and true," proud of his rigid certainty that "truth is truth."

He has come to interview the Bishop with a purpose perfectly evident to Blougram from the start. To Gigadibs, it is a self-evident proposition that intelligence and religious faith are incompatible. Consequently, Blougram must be either an imbecile or a hypocrite, a fool or a knave. And he is obviously no fool. Gigadibs is confident that, if granted an interview, he, the shrewd journalist, the trained ferret, can surely penetrate the pretence, and expose the impostor; through his skilful questioning, Blougram can be led to make "The Eccentric Confidence," to admit, at least by implication, that "he's quite above their humbug in his heart."

His very presence is an insult to the Bishop. The problem facing Blougram is quite clear; Gigadibs is a recognizable type, and represents a familiar point of view. To insist that a man may be intelligent and yet accept the articles of Christian faith would merely confirm Gigadibs in his belief that the Bishop is a hypocrite. Moreover, Blougram, nettled by the reporter's smug self-conceit, his secure conviction of the rightness of his own point of view, his patronizing assumption of superior integrity, is in no mood for defence. Gigadibs has arrived, has spoken his home truths, has challenged Blougram to say what he can for his way of life, assuming always that his own way of life is the only one compatible with truth, honesty, and a lofty morality. Blougram is far from ready to admit that his own is the vulnerable position. He is not defending, but attacking. He has no great hope of changing Gigadibs' prejudices; he can perhaps make him realize that even the Gigadibsian philosophy, beautiful as it is in its simplicity, is not uniquely coherent and reasonable. Being a skilled apologist, he recognizes the necessity for attacking on his opponent's ground; since Gigadibs would scornfully reject all the Bishop's premises, the arguments must proceed from premises acceptable to the sceptic. Throughout, Blougram uses the apologetic method, stating Gigadibs' objections fairly and strongly, then replying to them. The stages in the argument are quite clear in the Bishop's mind as he drives Gigadibs systematically from one position to another, at every point anticipating the movements of his hearer's thoughts.

The Bishop is so much master of the situation, so much superior to his opponent, that he permits himself flourishes, or scores a point with insulting

ease. The whole performance is shot through with irony, and Blougram enjoys it. He enjoys particularly giving Gigadibs the impression that he is about to hear what he has come to hear. ("These hot long ceremonies of our church Cost us a little—oh, they pay the price, You take me—amply pay it!" Is this a bit of the "truth that peeps Over the glasses' edge?" Or does "price" hold two possible meanings?) Gigadibs' naive conviction that a few glasses of wine will lead an intelligent prelate into indiscreet utterance, and the sight of the eager face across the table, waiting for the wine to work and the eccentric confidence to flow, offer Blougram tempting opportunities. He opens and closes the interview on the same theme: he begins by explaining, to Gigadibs' embarrassment, the sort of confidence Gigadibs expects, and ends by a challenge to Gigadibs to publish what he has learned. The full irony of the challenge is apparent only to those who stop to consider exactly what Gigadibs has learned in the course of the conversation. That will appear if we follow the conversation step by step.

As it opens, Blougram is examining Gigadibs' charges against him, his grounds for despising him. These are: first, that the Bishop's official position implies the possession of a religious faith which in Gigadibs' opinion is impossible to an intelligent man; and secondly, that the Bishop is less ascetic and other-worldly than a bishop, in Gigadibs' opinion, ought to be. If these charges were being made by a pious ascetic, they would be coherent; but they are proceeding from a sceptic and secularist, from one who denies the validity of the religious ideal and the utility of the ascetic ideal. Blougram at once proceeds to the attack. When Gigadibs condemns Blougram's way of life, what is his criterion? What is the ideal way of life by which he is measuring Blougram's? Gigadibs has not thought the matter out; he is sure only that he would like to be something distinguished (Blougram offers an anti-climactic trio of possibilities) and that the chief quality to be sought is integrity, which of course the Bishop lacks. Even as Pope, Blougram could not, thinks Gigadibs, realize the majestic ideal of being himself, "imperial, plain and true."

At this point, a less skilful apologist would have at once challenged Gigadibs' assumption of the unworthiness of the Bishop's way of life. But Blougram is patient and shrewd. The only approach to Gigadibs is through premises he will accept. By way of preliminary groundwork, then, the Bishop establishes the basic premise that a plan of life must relate to life as it is, not to an "abstract intellectual plan of life," but to the life "a man, who is man and nothing more, may lead." This is a premise which Gigadibs must accept. As a sceptic, he cannot admit other-worldly criteria; any admission that man is more than man, the natural being, makes his whole case against Blougram collapse. Measured by his own this-worldly criterion, then, is Gigadibs' plan of life superior to the Bishop's? If mundane values are the only ones we can accept, whose life is the better fitted to realize those values? This question, framed playfully in the "cabin" analogy, confronts Gigadibs at the outset with the basic problem of values,

and tends to force him into a recognition of the inconsistency of his own axiology. If no other values than the simply material must guide our plan of life, then why is not the life of a bishop a choice one, since it brings the good things of this world (apart from any other good things)? Why will not Gigadibs be a bishop too?

Gigadibs' answer comes rapidly: he can't believe in any revelation called divine; that is, believe "fixedly And absolutely and exclusively." As Blougram indicates at this point, a great deal depends on what "believe" means, but discussion of that can come later. He is ready to admit ("To you, and over the wine") that there are doctrinal difficulties he cannot solve, dogmas he cannot "believe" in Gigadibs' sense of the word. But before considering the nature of faith, the Bishop proposes to start from Gigadibs' premise of the necessity of total unbelief ("I mean to meet you on your own premise") and examine its consequences.

Since they are both agreed that the primary concern of man is to find the fittest, most coherent way of life, Blougram raises the question, how can we make unbelief bear fruit to us? Gigadibs has challenged the utility of belief; now he must show the utility of unbelief. But first, again by way of applying Gigadibs' own logic to his argument, since he will not accept anything but complete and perfect belief, can he accept anything but complete and perfect unbelief? and how can he be certain of complete unbelief? This argument, combined perhaps with the warmth and evident sincerity of Blougram's assertion of the possibility of a divine purpose, leads Gigadibs to abandon his position of positive unbelief for the agnostic "chess-board."

Blougram is now ready for the next stage in the argument. "We'll proceed a step." The problem of belief or unbelief is not a simple matter of choice between equally tenable propositions of a theoretic nature. "Belief or unbelief Bears upon life, determines its whole course." Every act implies a faith; every effort a man makes implies faith in the value of what he strives for. The only consistent course for the thorough unbeliever is to keep his bed, to "abstain from healthy acts that prove you man." Even on the basis of material values, if Gigadibs wishes to exclude all others, the Bishop can show success in gaining the world's estimation, and its good things. If the sensitive artistic idealism of Gigadibs is repelled by the blunt way in which Blougram proclaims the goodness of worldly power and comforts, he must remember that consistent materialism admits only material values, naturalism only natural values, and draw his own conclusions. At this point he is ready to concede that "it's best believing if we may." He is next asked to concede, still on his own premises of unbelief, that "if once we choose belief, . . . We can't be too decisive in our faith. . . To suit the world which gives us the good things." Success in life (that is, in material terms of riches, honour, pleasure, work, repose) does not come to the indifferent; whatever a man chooses to pursue, we do not call him a fool "so long as he's consistent with his choice." The choice

once made is irrevocable. Blougram's own choice, viewed (in accordance with the agreed premise of unbelief) from the merely material point of view, has given his life a singleness and continuity of purpose, and has brought the material returns. Gigadibs would object here that the Bishop's taste is gross; that were he made of "better elements" he would not call this sort of life successful. Again Blougram draws his attention to the logical inconsistency. Gigadibs is denying the validity of the ascetic ideal, and condemning the Bishop for not following it; he is proclaiming that the Bishop cannot be genuinely religious, yet blaming him for not being so. "Grant I'm a beast," says Blougram, "why, beasts must lead beasts' lives." Gigadibs is trying to have it both ways. Again the "cabin" is brought out to remind him that the discussion is concerned with living life as it is, not as it might be.

But the Bishop is by no means willing to grant that he is a beast; the patronizing assumption of moral superiority by Gigadibs is not patently justified. Gigadibs feels himself nobler simply because he is thoroughly convinced that Blougram is fool or hypocrite, and that he "pines among his million imbeciles" uneasily conscious of the piercing eyes of the Gigadibsian experts. As Verdi looked towards the true judge of music, Rossini, so must Blougram look towards the true judge of values, Gigadibs. But is a journalist the most expert judge of values, of ideals, of men? Is the journalistic habit of mind a critical habit? or does it rather seek the sensational, "see more in a truth than the truth's simple self," find interest only "on the dangerous edge of things," and strive to distinguish only by "gross weights, coarse scales and labels broad?" Why may not the simple truth be that Blougram actually believes what he professes to believe?

But even granted that Blougram's life is not one of which Gigadibs can approve, what is his ideal? The direct question disconcerts Gigadibs; it is one thing to be complacently aware of lofty, if vague, aspirations; to define them is another matter involving more rigorous thinking. The Bishop waits in vain, then offers suggestions. Suppose that Gigadibs aspires to be a Napoleon, a man of action, and granted that he has the requisite qualities ("A large concession, clever as you are," says Blougram), then, remembering that we are still accepting the Gigadibsian premise of unbelief ("We can't believe, you know—We're still at that admission, recollect!"), what guiding principle will justify the life? What possible admirable worldly end can explain such a career? "What's the vague good o' the world, for which you dare With comfort to yourself blow millions up?" If this life is all, Napoleon wins a "dozen noisy years" and "ugly thoughts," while if "doubt may be wrong—there's judgment, life to come!" On either basis, Napoleon's life offers no admirable pattern. If not the man of action, then perhaps the great artist offers an ideal. Should we try to be Shakespeare? What aims in life did Shakespeare pursue? On the material level, he sought the kind of comfort which has come much more abundantly to Blougram: "We want the same things, Shakespeare and myself, And what I want, I

have." *If this life's all*, then Blougram beats Shakespeare. With this *reductio ad absurdum* the attack on Gigadibs' first premise, the assumption of unbelief, is closed. Gigadibs is forced to recognize something beyond this life and its purely temporal and material values.

The discussion can now be moved on to an important new stage. "Believe—and our whole argument breaks up." Gigadibs has been forced by argument from his own premises to abandon them and accept the one basic premise of Blougram's position. He has been brought to acknowledge the use of faith, and as Blougram says, "We're back on Christian ground." What remains now is to proceed from that premise to Blougram's conclusion. The procedure is clearly to examine the nature of faith. Both are now agreed that "enthusiasm's the best thing," that "fire and life Are all, dead matter's nothing," and that faith has power to "penetrate our life with such a glow As fire lends wood and iron"; but fire in itself may be good or ill, enthusiasm may be well or ill directed. Moreover, how can we command it? "Paint a fire, it will not therefore burn." Gigadibs, having granted the value of enthusiasm, is inclined to restrict his approval to enthusiasm like Luther's, enthusiasm "on the denying side." But "ice makes no conflagration." Moreover, there is a limit to denying; after Luther comes Strauss, and once the denying has taught the world that it owes not a farthing (or a duty) to the Church or to St. Paul, what has been gained except the comfort (perhaps temporary) of him who denies? He may feel a Gigadibsian satisfaction at being himself, "imperial, plain and true," but the consequences of following the inner light of doubt may not be all good.

"But," objects Gigadibs, still convinced of the Bishop's secret scepticism, "imperfect faith is no more available to do faith's work than unbelief like mine. Whole faith, or none!" This is the objection Blougram has been waiting for, and, indeed, leading up to. It is time to attack Gigadibs' definition of faith, as he had promised to do earlier. ("Well, I do not believe —If you'll accept no faith that is not fixed, Absolute and exclusive, as you say. You're wrong—I mean to prove it in due time.") Faith is to be distinguished from empirical knowledge; "it is the idea, the feeling and the love, God means mankind should strive for and show forth Whatever be the process to that end." Faith is not solely an act of the intellect; it is a free act of will: "If you desire faith—then you've faith enough: What else seeks God—nay, what else seek ourselves?" "What matter though I doubt at every pore, Head-doubts, heart-doubts. . . If finally I have a life to show?" Gigadibs is demanding, not faith, but factual knowledge verifiable by the senses; like Thomas, he cannot believe until he has seen with his eyes and felt with his hands. Belief, he thinks, must have been easy centuries ago; he might believe in Genesis if he could meet the traveller who has seen the ark. But, Blougram points out, intellectual assent does not constitute a living belief. The important question is not "what could you accept?" but "how should you feel, in such an age, How act?" Faith is

something to live by; when it means an inner struggle with doubt, then "A man's worth something." At worst, a struggle to maintain the most difficult beliefs is at all events better than "acquitting God with grace."

If Gigadibs thinks that there have been times, or that there are places, in which belief as he defines it has ever prevailed, he is wrong. No intellectual acceptance of religious doctrines has ever been qualitatively the same as the acceptance of empirically observed experience. No "ragamuffin-saint Believes God watches him continually, As he believes in fire that it will burn, Or rain that it will drench him." The two sorts of knowledge, even as knowledge, are not alike, and can never be equally immediate. It is not part of the divine scheme that they should be so. "Some think, Creation's meant to show him forth: I say it's meant to hide him all it can. . . . Under a vertical sun, the exposed brain . . . less certainly would wither up at once Than mind, confronted with the truth of him."

It follows that the criteria to be applied to empirical knowledge are not applicable to the substance of faith. The demand to "decrassify" faith, to "experimentalize on sacred things," since it eventually means the rejection of all that cannot be empirically verified, must end in "Fichte's clever cut at God himself."

Gigadibs is still inclined to object to "leaving growths of lies unpruned," so Blougram again introduces the "cabin" analogy, to remind his hearer again that the Gigadibsian logic cannot be free to argue from diverse premises: the Bishop cannot be condemned for rejecting an empirical view of faith and in the same breath be condemned for accepting an empirical view of life. The "cabin" and the following "traveller" analogy, besides offering a logical objection, also put forward the characteristic Browning argument of the goodness and significance of this life. Whether this denial of asceticism is an important part of the Bishop's own belief does not, at this point, matter; it serves here to drive Gigadibs into asserting once and for all whether he recognizes absolute values. Presented with this clear-cut issue, Gigadibs meets it by maintaining the value of truth, and the necessity of acting up to it.

Now the attack can be pressed home: Gigadibs, who has accused the Bishop of failure to fit his life to his professed ideals, has now announced the transcendental rule by which *his* life is governed. Does he consistently live by the dictates of reason (as he would define reason) in search of truth (as he would define truth)? If he applies to natural religion the test he has used to demolish the revealed, what is left that checks his will? His behaviour is obviously not unrestrainedly amoral; upon what empirically rational grounds does he base his system of morality? Why is he chaste, for example? After all, he rejects the religious ideal of chastity, and as for a natural law, what authority can it preserve against the analysis of the anthropologist? Natural morality can show no more validity than supernatural. Is Gigadibs chaste, then, from an instinctive feeling that self-restraint is good, and indulgence evil? If so, then his whole pretence of

following "reason" breaks down with the introduction of an element which belongs not to his scheme of things, but to the Bishop's. Does he restrain himself from mere timid conformity to convention, because "your fellow-flock Open great eyes at you and even butt?" Conformity to convention can be justified on a utilitarian basis of weighing pleasures against pains, but what then becomes of the lofty pursuit of truth?

With this final challenge, Blougram has finished his argument. It is time to dismiss Gigadibs, and again the Bishop recalls why he has come. He is again aware of the ironic fact that the very worldly position which Gigadibs affects to despise him for valuing is all that makes him important in the journalist's eyes. The real lover of power, rank, luxury, and high worldly place is this same ambitious Gigadibs who is feeling so patronizingly superior. Once more the Bishop is moved to retaliate. Since it is power and social position that Gigadibs admires, it is only fitting to return his condescension with interest by reminding him of his own insignificance. The final insult is to offer the episcopal influence in the publishing world; the implications are that Gigadibs needs (or wants) the money, and that his writing is not good enough to be accepted on its own merits. The irony of the invitation to publish "The Outward-Bound" is effective and complicated. It carries a reminder of the journalist's insignificance, and it also draws attention to Gigadibs' original purpose of "exposing" the Bishop. He is now free to publish to the eager world the startling revelations that the Bishop, though not necessarily granting the good things of this world pre-eminence, does not despise them and actually enjoys good food, works of art, and a position of eminence; and that he, like most theologians, distinguishes between faith and knowledge, recognizing the activity of the will in belief. It would take more than the Dickens touch to give these revelations the sensational quality Gigadibs had anticipated. And so Gigadibs departs, still detesting Blougram perhaps, still eager to defame him, but at least not despising him as an opponent. There is a deliberate ambiguity, of course, in the Bishop's use of the word "despising."

Blougram, we are told, "believed, say, half he spoke." The rest was shaped "for argumentatory purposes." It should by now be evident enough which half Blougram believed. Quite clearly, the arguments from Gigadibsian premises are not, and are not intended to be, his own beliefs. The "arbitrary accidental thoughts That crossed his mind, amusing because new," are obviously the analogies of the "cabin" and the "traveller"; these are ingenious, are brought in more than once, and represent stages in the argument necessary for the attack on Gigadibs' assumptions. Blougram's own beliefs are indicated by the deeper tone, the heightened poetry of the expression in certain passages; they all deal with the affirmation of faith and the power of faith (ll. 182-97; 560-3; 621-5; 647-61; 693-7; 845-51). His deeper religious thoughts and feelings he did not utter, partly because they are not readily expressed, partly because their expression would have meant nothing to Gigadibs. His purpose was not to make a fruitless

exposition of his own point of view for the scoffer's benefit, but to show the scoffer upon what crumbling ground his scoffing rested. After Gigadibs has seen the shallowness of his own thinking, then he can start the process of trying to reach firmer ground ("So, let him sit with me this many a year!").

But Blougram has been more successful than he had expected. Gigadibs, seized with a "sudden healthy vehemence," renounces his ambitions of power and place, of literary eminence, and sails for Australia. He has presumably found an ideal, and is proposing to follow it. Moreover, he is, apparently, intent on the study of the Gospels. He has in fact turned away from precisely those things in Blougram's career which he formerly valued, and is seeking that which he formerly despised; he who doubted above all the possibility of the life of faith is now pursuing it. The victory, unexpected to be sure in its scope, is Blougram's.

THE COMMONWEALTH

ALEXANDER BRADY

"THE British Empire," remarked the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the Imperial Conference in 1926, "is not founded upon negations. It depends essentially, if not formally, on positive ideals." The remark was no idle apology with respect to the self-governing portions of the Empire. The ideological foundations of dominion life have rested in parliamentary democracy, gradual reform, liberal nationalism, and economic progress in the Western tradition, although each community has been peculiarly shaped by physical environment as well as by intellectual inheritance. The concept of liberal nationalism in particular has been emphasized by the miscellaneous forces which made the Dominions distinct communities. The idea of economic progress has been dynamic because these countries have originally been extensions of the British economic system, quickened in growth by the presence of abundant natural resources and by a singular security which made development of their resources possible.

THE GENESIS OF THE COMMONWEALTH

In its simplest terms the British Commonwealth is a free association of the Dominions and Great Britain, fashioned by their common ideas of democracy, nationality, and economic liberalism. It expresses externally the forces which have inspired the inner life of the Dominions, particularly those concepts of free discussion and voluntary co-operation dominant in their democracy. It is the product of a century's growth under the influence of like-mindedness. Lionel Curtis has aptly related how he and his colleagues of the Round Table movement popularized the term "Commonwealth." He concluded, after years of study, that the Empire did not now primarily stand for "dominion over palm and pine" in the Kiplingian sense. On the contrary its ethos was that of promoting the government of men by themselves like an ethical commonwealth of the classic type, and its true character could be better expressed by making all its people directly responsible for the issues of peace and war.[1] It resulted from the triumph of responsible government in the Canadian and Australian colonies during the last century and the subsequent maturing of a liberal nationalism, expressed in a restless impulse to demolish the slender fence between matters domestic and imperial, carefully erected by the early exponents of responsible government, including Lord Durham. Such nationalism transformed the dependent colonies of the nineteenth century into the national states of the modern

[1] W. K. Hancock, *Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs* (London, 1937), I, 54. Some writers have confined the term "Commonwealth" to the Dominions and Great Britain, but it is more logical, as Professor Hancock argues, to take the Commonwealth as synonymous with the Empire.

Commonwealth, converted the bonds of sovereignty into those of association, but still respected much of the old symbolism of empire. "The Crown," runs the preamble to the Statute of Westminster, "is the symbol of the free association of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and they are united by a common allegiance to the Crown." This common allegiance, now virtually rejected by Eire, has hitherto survived in the overseas Dominions.

In the mid-nineteenth century few political thinkers in Great Britain and overseas foresaw the modern Commonwealth. Those who speculated about the imperial future were usually convinced that the colonies must bow to an inescapable law of evolution and become separate nations. They could see no logical alternative between dependence and separation. They observed that the goal of liberal nationalism in contemporary Europe, notably among the Poles, Italians, and southern Slavs, was the destruction of empires and the creation of independent nationalities, and colonial nationalism, whatever might be the first generous impulses of its youth, would presumably pursue a like course. Such views concerning colonial independence prevailed, not merely in the official circles of London,[2] where they were reinforced by the Austinian doctrine of sovereignty and the anti-imperial bias of the Manchester School, but were cogently presented by some colonial publicists, among whom the most persistent and controversial was the Scottish-born, ecclesiastical politician of New South Wales, John Dunmore Lang. For more than a generation Lang argued that the true destiny of Australia was independence. From the first pleadings of Lang in the early fifties to the end of the century many other public men in Australia saw separation as the inevitable outcome of a growing Australian nationality. As late as 1884 John Douglas, an Englishman by birth and a one-time Premier of Queensland, could write that "the Australian people, even if they may wish to struggle against it, must some day accept their absolute independence not only as a duty, but as a necessity."[3] The Sydney *Bulletin*, the most radical and lively organ of Australian nationalism, confidently prophesied in the eighties that separation "would take place in deference to a law as inexorable as that of multiplication."[4]

Canada, within the same period, had fewer influential separatists, or at least relatively fewer who committed their views to print. Here the development of self-government and the federation of the colonies in the sixties made the bond with Great Britain stronger rather than weaker. A Secretary of State for the Colonies remarked in the seventies that "nothing has strengthened the passionate affection with which Canada now clings to England more than the consciousness that the maintenance of this

[2]See C. A. G. Bodelsen, *Studies in Mid-Victorian Imperialism* (London, 1924).
[3]*Nineteenth Century*, December, 1884, 862.
[4]Quoted in Henry Hall, *Australia and England* (London, 1934), 90.

connection depends on her own free will."[5] The proximity of the United States inspired political leaders and thinkers with the fear, especially in the twenty-five years immediately after Confederation, that an independent Canada could not withstand the expansionist ambitions of its neighbour. Separation from the Empire was likely to mean the extinction of nationhood. Some Canadians admittedly were ready to welcome this fate, notably the emigré Englishman, Goldwin Smith, who in the eighties and nineties argued in a geo-political fashion that the North American colonies should gladly resign themselves to their destiny in a future continental union, but his argument was never widely accepted. Thus the attitude of Canada, as the earliest colonial nation, was crucial in the evolution of the Commonwealth, by fostering from 1867 an outlook favourable to intimate and permanent relations with Great Britain as a partner. It moved empirically to a median position between dependence and separation. Throughout all the colonies, economic and political forces operated to prevent colonial secessions and to create the associative bonds of the modern Commonwealth. The new industrialism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries fashioned close economic and social ties between the colonies and the imperial metropolis, promoted an overseas movement of capital and people unprecedented in colonial history, stimulated a large exchange of colonial raw products for British manufactures, speeded technological developments, such as steam and refrigeration on ships, which pulled all parts of the Empire closer together in trade, and made even so remote a colony as New Zealand a profitable dairy farm for England. A firm political association came to rest upon the underpinnings of economics and finance.

Along with the economic influences were those derived from a perennial cultural exchange between Great Britain and the colonies, quickened by the modern techniques of communication and by the ample movement of people to and fro. Voluntary associations with a missionary spirit, such as churches and trade unions, furthered the movement of ideas and strengthened a sense of like-mindedness throughout the self-governing Empire. Confidence in the values of parliamentarism and liberal democracy helped to ensure the imperial connection, especially where it developed into an ardent sense of Britannic political mission, expressed characteristically by Sir Henry Parkes, Prime Minister of New South Wales, in the claim that if the colonies "held together in the generations before us in one world-embracing empire, maintaining and propagating the principles of justice, freedom, and peace, what blessings might arise from their united power to beautify and invigorate the world."[6] Colonial statesmen at the close of the century would generally have accepted Lord Rosebery's confident description of the British Empire as "the greatest secular agency for good the world has ever seen." This conviction was not confined to

[5]Sir Arthur Hardinge, *Life of the Fourth Earl of Carnarvon*, II, 113; quoted in S. Smith, *Treaty of Washington* (Ithaca, 1941), 125.

[6]*Nineteenth Century*, January, 1884, 146.

men of British descent, influenced by pride of race. Sir Wilfrid Laurier no less admired the existence of free institutions under the one Crown, extolled British parliamentarism, and lauded the Empire as the major stabilizing force within the world. Later the Afrikander, General Smuts, reiterated over the years that "this British Empire has only one mission, and that is a mission for greater liberty." Yet in the twentieth century much less complacent faith was expressed in the principles of British constitutionalism, although the sense of ideological unity in the Empire became ever stronger with the transformation of the British aristocratic regime into a democracy, concerned with improving the lot of the common man. Less proletarian criticism was now heard of a grasping English governing class, like that voiced in the Australia of the nineties, when labour leaders condemned together the Empire and capitalism. The progressive social services of the British state became an inspiration and a pattern to the Dominions, while conversely British rulers, unlike the aristocratic ministers of the sixties and seventies, were less inclined to consider dominion democracy as crude and uncultivated.[7]

To these forces was added the necessity of defence. The growth of a truculent imperialism within and beyond Europe at the end of the nineteenth century, with the emergence of the major military states of Germany and Russia, spurred by ideas of expansion, made the colonies, as maritime countries, anxious to retain the protection of the long and strong arm of British sea-power. The quick rise of Japan as a leading power by its victory in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 helped in Australia to dissipate separatist sentiments and to remove illusions concerning any secure isolation in the Pacific. By this time the protective advantage of the imperial connection was duly emphasized in all the colonial communities.

Although these diverse forces held together the colonial nations, they were not powerful enough to bring them into that imperial federation zealously advocated during the thirty years from the founding of the Imperial Federation League in 1884 to the outbreak of war in 1914. The imperial federationists were not of one mind as to methods and ends. In their ranks, both in Great Britain and overseas, were liberal nationalists who looked upon federation as necessary to defend weak colonies, to advance political liberalism, and to make responsibility march with liberty. They feared that without executive unity, the British Empire would ultimately be crushed by the martial might of great states endowed with more cohesion. Still others, with scant liberal sympathies, looked to imperial federation to restrain the alleged irresponsibility of emergent democracy, and thought only of one nationality, suggested in Seeley's phrase, "the expansion of England." The views of these men inspired the popular fear that imperial federation might be used merely to aggrandize the Empire in terms of pomp and power at the expense of liberal principles and to draw the colonies into the much feared "vortex of European militarism." Support for the move-

[7]The attitude of British rulers towards colonial democracy is well illustrated in a symposium volume published in the sixties, *Essays on Reform* (London, 1867).

ment in the conservative press of London, hostile to trade unions and political radicalism, made it the less attractive to British and Australian labour. It was an Australian Labour newspaper which commented in rude and uncertain metaphor that "Imperial Federation would destroy the possibility of Australia ever being a nation; it would make it a joint in the tail of an imperial monster, with no genuine control over its own destiny, but dragged in the rear of a bloated Empire that had its extremities trailing across the Pacific and its heart twelve thousand miles away."[8]

What labour feared, other colonial groups no less deprecated. Imperial federation, in virtue of the relative strength of Great Britain and the colonies, threatened to mean dominance by the metropolis over colonial economic development, especially dominance by British finance and industry, and as debtors the colonies wished to avoid anything like management by their creditor. The same forces which decreed that the colonies should not separate no less decreed that they should avoid close direction by British economic interests; they increasingly generated a nationalism, not necessarily separatist, but profoundly anxious for local autonomy. In the nineties most Australian newspapers were hostile even to imperial preferences because they feared interference with the fiscal freedom of the colonies.[9] In Great Britain itself Liberals and Labour usually accepted the views of dominion nationalists because they assumed that imperial consolidation would throw fiscal and other burdens upon the British consumer. The imperial *zollverein* might imply a dearer loaf. Finally, the colonies were unwilling to enter an imperial federation because they shrank from the obligation to pay more in money and men. However much they appreciated the guns of the Royal Navy, they looked casually upon its protection as children often view the cares and expenditures of parents, and repudiated the concept of a Britannic super-state.

The gradual emergence from the eighties of a consultative relationship between the Dominions and Great Britain is evident in the successive Colonial and Imperial Conferences. The early Conferences of 1887 and 1897 revealed the colonies as weak and dependent, uncertain of their future, and relatively pliant in accepting leadership from the Motherland. The colonies of Australia were still disunited fragments of settlement; South Africa was sharply divided into Afrikander and British communities, each inclined to live only in its own racial kraal; and Canada was passing through a painful period of federal adolescence. By 1907 the imperial situation had changed. Australia in the interval had become a federal state, wherein the awakening of national consciousness kept pace with the institutional growth. South Africa was not yet fully united, but all the political communities recognized at least a common Crown, and were on the eve of union. Canada, after a quarter-century of languid and stumbling advance, was now well launched in a decade of rapid expansion, and the former uncertainties of outlook were swallowed up in a growing sense of nationhood. The Confer-

[8]Quoted by H. Duncan Hall, *The British Commonwealth of Nations* (London, 1920), 209.
[9]Hall, *Australia and England*, 168.

ence of 1907 inevitably revealed the fresh and strong currents of life in the overseas democracies, and reflected the basis on which they were destined to be associated. The Colonial Conference was changed in title to the Imperial Conference; the term "colony" as suggesting dependence was replaced by "dominion"; a constitution for the Conference was adopted by resolution; the meetings were to be strictly those between governments; and quadrennial sessions were deemed desirable. Discussions were begun and carried on in subsequent Conferences on the issues of common fiscal policy, immigration, communication, defence, and the methods of reaching agreement on the crucial questions of foreign policy.

Imperial Unity and Dominion Nationalism

The central question of the modern Empire is its unity and role in the world. Two schools of thought emerged, became reflected in the discussions of Imperial Conferences, and to the present have dealt candidly with political ideas, although the sharp cleavage between them has greatly lessened with time. The one school feared that the extension of autonomy and the growth of nationality would mean imperial disintegration unless provision were made for fresh institutions to express the impulse towards unity and to conserve imperial strength. Some of its exponents leaned to a thoroughgoing imperial federation, with elaborate schemes for dividing sovereignty. Others, especially those in practical politics, were content with an executive that would further the collective action of the countries concerned. Joseph Chamberlain in the nineties suggested a council of the Empire, developing through "that prudent and experimental process by which all our greatest institutions have been built." Alfred Deakin of Australia, in the Conference of 1907, more modestly but no less vainly advocated a permanent secretariat, responsible to the Conference rather than to a British department of government, a proposal to which Australian representatives at future Conferences repeatedly returned. In 1911 Sir Joseph Ward of New Zealand proposed a council to deal with foreign affairs and defence. After the First World War the Australian government more than once recommended an imperial organization designed to make consultation more effective, and during the second world struggle Prime Minister Curtin, with a zeal no less ardent than that of Alfred Deakin in an earlier day, revived the request for a standing consultative body and a permanent secretariat. This school of thought has sought to crystallize the common purpose of the Commonwealth with a view to more prompt execution of a policy by its members. Its influential Australian exponents in the twentieth century have not sought to transform the Commonwealth into a federation, for they have been too much devoted to an ardent nationalism and have realized from the events of two world wars that an imperial federation would not in itself bring sufficient security. The most erudite British advocate of a federal solution, Lionel Curtis, has pleaded throughout more than a generation for an organization that would make the Dominions responsible for a common

foreign policy, instead of relinquishing the primary responsibility to Great Britain, and that would marshal the resources of the Commonwealth to protect peace.[10] The doctrine of Curtis implies a centralization, at least for the purpose of dealing with international politics and the crucial issue of security involved in such politics.

The most influential politician of the contrary school in the early Imperial Conferences of the century was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who like most nineteenth-century liberals feared centralization, rejected an executive for the Empire as threatening to dominion autonomy, and clung to the policy of avoiding commitments, mainly out of his fear that the interests of Canada as a North American state might sometime clash with those of Great Britain. In his resolute liberalism, shaped by the concepts of the nineteenth century and the circumstances of Canada, he was no less convinced than General Botha that "it is the policy of decentralization which has made the British Empire." Laurier was not indifferent to the imperial fate (and certainly his English-speaking electors would not have let him be indifferent), but his thought was so deeply rooted in a laissez-faire philosophy of empire that he was incapable of making plans about its future or about Canada in relation to it. The influence of his ideas long outlived him. Indeed his outlook, profoundly favoured by the march of events, was prevalent among dominion autonomists in Canada down to 1939.

The First World War and its aftermath disposed of federalism as an acceptable solution for the imperial problem and incited the forces of autonomy in the Empire. Doubts concerning imperial cohesion disappeared with the remarkable collaboration in a common belligerent effort, and participation gave the Dominions a claim upon national status difficult to deny. It was not surprising that Article 9 of the Imperial War Conference of 1917 struck a fresh and impressive note in its emphasis on the "full recognition of the dominions as autonomous nations of an Imperial Commonwealth," on their right to a voice in foreign policy, and on the need for continuous consultation and concerted action. The Conference of 1917, although it did little to prescribe ways and means, reflected the prevalent sentiment quickened by subsequent events. During the war the Dominions put more than a million men in the field, won distinction on the battlefield, and were elated by victory. The memory of their sacrifices (Canada in the war had as many troops killed as the United States) sharpened their claims as it exalted their patriotism. The war shattered the gloomy forecasts of many in the past, especially the proponents of imperial federation, that co-operation by free choice was impossible. The events incidental to the making of peace and the political eruptions in Europe strengthened dominion nationalism. The Dominions were not uninfluenced by Wilsonian ideas of national self-determination, witnessed the establishment of many small but independent European states, and were not immune to the contagion of contemporary nationalist ideas. They were resolved to be

[10]The earliest and most complete argument of Lionel Curtis appears in *The Problem of the Commonwealth* (London, 1916).

recognized as powers in the peace discussions, to sign the treaties, and to be inscribed as original signatories of the League, although the technicalities of group signature also ensured the constitutional unity of the Empire. In receiving mandates from the League over conquered territory, three of the Dominions were pushed into assuming specific international obligations. All these circumstances brought the Empire closer to the character of a loose-knit commonwealth, wherein the bonds of association became voluntary, agreement by persuasion supplanted command, the stature of the Dominions rose relatively to that of Great Britain, and the road was opened to the Statute of Westminster. Dominion status, which was thought to be something distinct from that of a colony and yet different from that of a sovereign state, became in the next two decades less and less distinguished in some Dominions from an independent sovereignty. These communities moved into the general society of nations, but did not march in lock-step. Geography and internal forces in every instance determined the expression of sovereignty.

During the three years immediately after the war there was much hope, especially in Great Britain, that the Commonwealth could pursue a common foreign policy, utilize in doing so the British Foreign Office, and follow the notable example of the Imperial War Cabinet, which directed the policy of the Empire in the grim months of 1917 and 1918. Mr. Lloyd George was zealous to preserve the tradition of the Imperial War Cabinet in the Conference of Prime Ministers of 1921, where he optimistically told the Dominions that "there was a time when Downing Street controlled the Empire; to-day the Empire is in charge of Downing Street."[11] This Conference excellently illustrated how the Dominions and Great Britain reached through discussion a common policy in the important issue of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. But this era of close collaboration and unity in foreign policy soon passed as the war-time leaders disappeared from the scene and the centrifugal forces of dominion nationalism asserted themselves. The Conference of 1921, like its predecessor of 1917, had emphasized in its resolutions the need of continuous consultation, without prescribing formal methods to achieve it, despite the eloquent warning of William Hughes of Australia: "that we must do something is essential if this conference is not to be a last magnificent flare of a dying illumination." The Chanak incident in the next year promptly demonstrated the flagrant weakness in the existing modes of consultation.

From the Conference of 1921 to the Statute of Westminster in 1931 the most characteristic feature of Commonwealth relations was the zeal of many Dominions to achieve a formal equality with Great Britain. Varied circumstances explain this absorption in the issues of political nationality, especially the appearance of the Irish Free State as a new Dominion, inspired by republican nationalism, the assertion of Afrikander nationalism in South Africa, and the appearance of fresh trends in the nationalist

[11] A. B. Keith, *Speeches and Documents on the British Dominions, 1918-1931* (London, n.d.), 46.

thought of Canada combined with a certain attraction to North American isolationism. These political realities explain the Imperial Conference of 1926, the most significant of the period, which eloquently emphasized that "the root-principle governing our inter-imperial relations" was equality of status. The primary purpose of the Conference was to remove the inequality complex, to eliminate obsolescent imperial forms, and to transmute the republicanism of certain Irishmen and Afrikanders into loyalty for the Empire or Commonwealth. It clarified the extension of dominion autonomy in external affairs, introduced more precision into the modes of negotiating and signing treaties (with the evident aim of escaping from the confusion of the early twenties), emphasized the position of the Governor-General as solely a representative of the Crown rather than an agent of the British government, announced the principle that dominion parliaments should be empowered to make laws with extra-territorial effect, and qualified the right of free action by the duty of consultation. The Dominions inevitably did not demonstrate equal zeal and gratitude for this method of formulating their status; certainly Australia and New Zealand were less interested than Canada, South Africa, and the Irish Free State.

The Statute of Westminster, which built upon the constitutional conventions formulated in 1926, resulted also primarily from the anxiety of South Africa and the Irish Free State to achieve an unquestioned equality of status and to adapt legal theory to political fact. Many in Australia and New Zealand felt distaste for the objectives of the act. Mr. Latham represented a large body of Australian opinion when he complained: "I do not want the relations of myself and my children to be determined by rules written in a book, to which each of us must refer to discuss who is right and who is wrong. I do not desire such things to be made rigid by legal rules and enactments."[12] In other words it was feared that statutory enactment would kill the spirit.

In the Commonwealth there has long been a conflict of opinion between those who view it as a family of adults content to accept the hierarchy of a family as long as they feel bound together by moral obligation and common interest, and those who emphasize merely the legalities of an equal status, with scant concern for the delicate harmony of the family. Foremost among the latter have been the representatives of nationalities which in the past clashed with Great Britain and are not derived from the main ancestral stem, especially the southern Irish and Afrikanders. These divergent strains of thought issue in some degree from the inescapable circumstance that the Empire, from which the Commonwealth evolved, is the product of conquest no less than of colonization. To many Afrikanders and Irish the chief significance of the declarations of 1926 and the Statute of Westminster is that they symbolically nullified the conquest in wiping out the forms of subordination.

In the period between the two world wars the Commonwealth was affected not merely by this internal divergence of concepts concerning its

[12] *Ibid.*, 264.

nature and by the energetic domestic nationalism of its members but by the influence upon it of internationalism. The democracies under the common Crown cherished peace as a moral value and a material interest, and not illogically in the twenties looked to the League of Nations as an invaluable complement to if not a substitute for the Commonwealth. "The future of the Empire," remarked the *Round Table* in March, 1930, "is now, of course, inseparable from that of the League of Nations." The League represented more universal claims, embraced more diverse peoples, and for a time inspired hope of achieving a wider peace. Liberals valued it as a residuary legatee of the Commonwealth, the product of similar political ideals, and a substitute for the *pax Britannica*. Such current ideas in the period, combined with the claims of domestic nationalism, doubtless retarded efforts to endow the Commonwealth with a clearer purpose, more defined policies, and improved methods of co-operation. In 1920 the *Round Table* complained that "the fear of centralization has been such that it has led the Dominions to take unawares a series of responsibilities towards foreign states far greater than they are willing to undertake towards Great Britain and the British Commonwealth."[13] Hence there was a casualness towards imperial collaboration, which on at least one occasion frustrated the earnest efforts of the British Labour government to convene an important imperial conference in London.[14] There was little disposition to recognize that "friendship must have a machinery." Political leaders were prone to believe that the only cardinal point in which they needed to be united was in sharing the obligations of the League, although actually the principal Dominions had not firmly agreed to impose sanctions or any form of force; they were anxious for limited responsibility. The experiment at Geneva for a brief period jostled the older experiment in internationalism within the British Empire itself, and induced so zealous an imperialist as Richard Jebb to contend in the twenties that Commonwealth countries should withdraw from the League and permit it to become merely a European continental association.[15] Jebb was persuaded that the League would be more effective if limited to Europe, that its power was insufficient to ensure peace outside, and that beyond Europe the Commonwealth in collaboration with non-European powers could guarantee international stability. There was no strong impulse to accept such proposals, although the failure of the League in the thirties eliminated reliance upon it and made the more exposed Dominions, especially Australia and New Zealand, cherish anew the Commonwealth connection.

Faced by the threat of the League to imperial unity, the British government sought to preserve as much of such unity as possible. It did not dispose of dominion votes in the Assembly, and exerted no special pressure

[13] *Round Table*, March, 1920, 236.

[14] See A. G. Dewey, *The Dominions and Diplomacy*, II, 191-8.

[15] Richard Jebb, *Empire in Eclipse* (London, 1926), 301. A similar argument but much more extravagantly expressed is contained in General J. F. C. Fuller, *Empire Unity and Defence* (London, 1928), 56.

to possess them, but it consistently expressed the desire, respected by the overseas Dominions, that the internal unity of the Empire should not be discarded with the growth of the system at Geneva. The Irish Free State, in contrast to its associates overseas, was less considerate of such unity, if it could be said to be considerate at all. Its leaders attached no importance to the concept of the Commonwealth as a family, believed that imperial relations resembled general international relations, and were convinced that the dominion status to which Ireland was admitted was really no different from independence. Hence they availed themselves of Article 10 of the Covenant to register at Geneva the terms of the agreement with Great Britain of December, 1921, flouting the declaration of the British government that the League Covenant and the League conventions did not govern the relations *inter se* of the various parts of the Commonwealth. The divergent attitudes of Great Britain and the Free State were not then reconciled, but the general position of the British government was evidently vindicated by the resolutions of the Imperial Conference of 1926 on the appropriate procedure for treaties.[16] The same Conference agreed that internal disputes within the Commonwealth would not be submitted to international jurisdiction, but would be settled within the family by an accepted procedure, a position which Mr. De Valera promptly repudiated in the thirties when he sought a more strictly international tribunal to adjudicate on the disputed issue of the land annuities. The representatives of the Dominions in the Conference of 1926 were anxious to preserve the Commonwealth, and for this purpose they recognized that some basic element of unity and mutual responsibility was imperative. At some point liberty must surrender to ensure the survival of unity.

The Character and Forms of Co-operation

The twentieth century witnessed, not merely the steady growth of dominion autonomy and the eclipse of imperial legal unity, but also the more remarkable achievements of political co-operation, conditioned and often restricted by the nationalism and democracy of the Dominions. Co-operation was most spectacularly revealed in the two world wars, especially the second, when, from the outset, participation resulted from free political judgment, revealing more clearly than the previous era of peace the rugged strength in the imperial association. Action by Canada was scarcely less prompt than that by Australia, although in the former case a declaration of war was made after consulting parliament, whereas in the latter the government merely announced that since Great Britain was at war, Australia was at war. This spontaneous rally, despite the absence of prior commitments, issued from the conviction of the Dominions that the Hitlerian aggression in threatening world security threatened them, menaced their free institutions, and made the British cause their cause. The joint

[16] A. J. Toynbee, *The Conduct of British Empire Foreign Relations since the Peace Settlement* (London, 1928), 56.

action came also from that pervasive and subtle sense of community which had preserved them as a Commonwealth under what Mr. Stanley Bruce once called "an unwritten treaty of mutual guarantee." Family sentiment had made them concerned with the fate of one another, especially with the fate of the elder member, fighting for survival in a menaced island off the western edge of Europe.

At all times this sentiment for the British race and concern for its preservation are a unifying element. But especially during the emotional crisis of war many throughout the Dominions felt like the Labour member, a sturdy nationalist in his own country, who remarked in the Australian parliament in the grim month of June, 1940, that "the workers of Australia do not look on England merely as a place where they can sell goods and borrow money. England is the home of our race; we love England, and if England should go down, it would seem to me as if the sun went down."[17] Such racial or ancestral sentiment is particularly strong in the two countries of the South Pacific where inhabitants of British stock prevail, although even there it does not comprise the whole essence of the loyalty for the Commonwealth. More important is attachment to rich patterns of politics and society, to long-established ideas of civil liberty, to free religious institutions, and to the whole democratic ethos of the community. General Smuts, without British blood in his veins, has many times argued the case for the Commonwealth but never in terms of race. To him it is a system of ideas in operation, fully tested and justified in history, and conforming to the Christian ethic and the empiric ideas of the liberal-democratic philosophy. As with others of non-British stock, attachment to the Commonwealth because of ancestry is, in his judgment, irrelevant if not mischievous; the essential basis of attachment is ideological, related not to the tradition of blood, but to the tradition of thought, institutions, and spiritual inheritance. Similarly in an earlier day Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of pure French extraction, had upheld the Empire as an ideological family because it preserved the principles of parliamentarism and contributed to the freedom of small nations.

The co-operative features of the modern Commonwealth are illustrated specially in the spheres of defence, economics, and general foreign policy. In the early colonial era, control over defence was centralized in London, but an inevitable concomitant of self-government was decentralization in this as in other matters. The local militia and territorial forces became increasingly recognized as the arm of land defence at home, and in all the colonies was duly brought under the direction of the colonial governments.

Naval defence more slowly responded to the advance of dominion autonomy because the Royal Navy was the indispensable and global agent of security for the whole Empire. From the eighties, the British government was anxious to obtain colonial contributions towards the cost of the Navy, the heavy financial burden of which was carried by British taxpayers.

[17]Quoted by K. H. Bailey in "Australia's Membership in the British Commonwealth" (*Australia and the Pacific*, Australian Institute of International Affairs, 1942).

All the principal colonies made such contributions, except Canada, which from the turn of the century looked to the creation of its own navy. After the federation of Australia, sentiment in that country also shaped government policy towards a national navy. At the Imperial Conference on Defence in 1909, followed by the Naval Agreement of 1911, plans were formulated for dominion fleets, capable during war of being merged into an Empire navy under unified command. Thus in these years the two chief Dominions became committed to the procedure of national and dispersed navies, although in Canada political exigencies made the actual development much tardier than in Australia. The requirements of naval strategy had to make difficult compromises with the demands of self-government and nationalism, but it was a saving fact that from the outset provisions were adopted to facilitate perennial co-operation: fleet units were built, equipped, and trained in accordance with ideas developed in the Royal Navy; officers and men were interchanged; ships were transferred; and within their own territories the colonies helped to maintain the world-girdle of naval bases and fuelling stations at such widely separated places as Halifax, Esquimalt, Sydney, and Simonstown. Typical, was the sole responsibility of the Canadian government for maintaining the strategic naval stations of Halifax and Esquimalt, combined with its agreement to accord to the Royal Navy such facilities as were necessary for the efficiency of its ships. Co-operation thereby made possible the mobility of British sea-power. These preparations for a common cause, which bore abundant fruit in the strategy and action during two world wars, proceeded steadily and silently, despite, at times, the centrifugal tendencies of political nationalism.

Significant also, was the establishment by Balfour in the decade prior to the First World War of a permanent Committee of Imperial Defence, which was revitalized by Haldane as a flexible and advisory agent for co-ordinating military and naval techniques and formulating general plans for imperial defence. By resolution of the Imperial Conference of 1911, representatives of the Dominions were invited to its meetings, and through the influence of Haldane the Committee sought to adjust imperial defence to the peculiar interests and idiosyncrasies of the Dominions and Great Britain. But Canada and South Africa, unlike Australia and New Zealand, have never been permanently represented on the Committee for fear that representation might imply a commitment to all its plans. Much emphasis was placed upon uniformity in organization, training, field service regulations, and equipment. Officers in the army, like those in the navy, were interchanged. A dominion section was added to the Imperial General Staff, composed of overseas officers who informed their staffs at home upon the professional methods and techniques of the British Army. Continuous communication became the accepted practice between the head offices of the services in London and the dominion capitals. The foundation of the Imperial Defence College in 1927 was an additional means of bringing together dominion and British officers in common studies. With the emergence of air forces, a parallel type of co-operation was recommended

by the Imperial Conferences of 1923 and 1926, designed to maximize uniformity in organization, training, and equipment, while air force officers were also to be exchanged. These co-operative measures rested on the assumption that in case of need all the national units might be brought under one imperial command on land or on the sea; they prepared for the grim eventuality which came in 1939. They presented the most striking instance of co-operation achieved without rigid commitments, and impossible without the active presence throughout the Commonwealth of a powerful sense of common interest and destiny. It does not lessen their significance that during periods of peace the military preparedness of the Dominions, judged by European standards, has always been sporadic and never elaborate. Dominion democracy was absorbed in peaceful pursuits, rarely conscious of imminent danger, reluctant to spend money on defence, and in some Dominions, notably Canada and South Africa, fearful that any substantial preparations for defence might be interpreted as commitments to the Empire not consonant with national status. Hence on the outbreak of war a vast task of improvisation had to be undertaken, never better illustrated than in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, inaugurated in December, 1939, but the performance of the task in every instance was facilitated by the prior consultation and co-operation of small groups of technical men in the various dominion services who had become intimately associated in the previous period of peace.

Economic co-operation has been much less simple and less clearly defined than co-operation in defence. Greater difficulty is encountered in achieving agreement upon a common economic purpose and procedure, although in economics, no less than in politics, tribute is paid to the principle of association. Economic policy is always entangled with political considerations and motives. The attempts to strengthen the Commonwealth, or to strengthen the Dominions through collective action, have always faced a sharp clash of diverse industrial interests, thinly concealed behind the open clash of opinion and doctrine; they have brought out particularly the rival concepts of nationalism and internationalism, protectionism and free trade. Yet there is a vast structure of spontaneous co-operation rooted in colonial times, built upon trade, the flow of capital, and the migration of men. In virtue of this expansion, attributable to the enterprise of individuals and corporations as well as of the state, the countries of the Commonwealth have developed complementary economies, and constitute a large international trading area, an important portion of the British Empire of commerce, wherein national antagonism is eliminated (although national rivalry remains), and tribute is paid to the economic philosophy which goes back at least to Adam Smith. State policies played a significant part in this type of flexible economic collaboration, illustrated notably in the Colonial Stock Acts, which conferred trustee status upon dominion and colonial securities, and stimulated the flow of British capital into the colonies.

In the attempts during the twentieth century to attain formal economic

co-operation between the governments of the Commonwealth, fiscal policies have held pride of place. Most of this period witnessed the revolt of dominion nationalism against the free trade policies of Great Britain, expressed in the aggressive attempt of the leading Dominions to build, by protection, diversified economies, less dependent upon British or other external markets. Along with this policy, the economic counterpart of the struggle for equality of status, went the pressure, evident in the Colonial and Imperial Conferences, to revive a system of imperial preferential tariffs. Great Britain, in resisting proposals for duties upon raw products and food, made impossible the concession of adequate preferences within the British market in response to preferences granted by the Dominions. At the Colonial Conference at Ottawa in 1894 the British government was so little interested in a preferential system that it was represented by only a single delegate, Lord Jersey, who was scarcely more than an observer. Joseph Chamberlain and the group under his direct personal influence, fired at first by the ideal of an imperial *zollverein*, later took up the cause of tariff reform. But they failed to unite the Conservative party and the electorate on the policy, and the downfall of the Conservative government in 1905 postponed preferential tariffs in Great Britain until after the First World War.

The Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa in 1932 witnessed the most ambitious attempt of the modern Commonwealth to promote by fiscal preferences the interests of its members. Its form of economic imperialism was the product of varied circumstances, especially world depression in the early thirties, the sharpened intensity of international competition, the rise of high tariffs in America and Europe, and the clamour of miscellaneous injured interests throughout the Empire for shelter against the foreigner. To these influences in the thirties was added the traditional pressure of certain agrarian and manufacturing groups in England, zealous for a protection yoked to imperial preference; the Ottawa Conference was partly the culmination of the advocacy begun by Joseph Chamberlain thirty years before.

Conflicting aims actuated the political leaders who convened at Ottawa to represent the different national economies. Stanley Baldwin and the British delegation were primarily anxious to cure the general paralysis in commerce by stimulating imperial trade as a part of world trade. They asked the Dominions to enlarge preferences by reducing duties on British goods rather than by raising duties on foreign goods. Despite the growth of protectionist opinion in England, they were convinced that the prosperity of the homeland depended upon an expanded world trade and that the protective tariff should be used only as a bargaining weapon. They were also influenced by that secondary motive which for a generation underlay schemes of imperial preference; namely, that preferential tariffs might check the forces of political disintegration and contribute to imperial unity. But at the Conference there were others, especially the representatives of Canada and Australia, who were primarily concerned with obtaining more

secure markets for agrarian produce in Great Britain without sacrificing the protective tariffs, which for economic and social reasons they had long possessed and which enabled some of their manufactures to compete effectively with British commodities. These Dominions, less interested than Great Britain in global trade and zealous for protection as the seal of nationalism, were often more eager to increase their general or intermediate rates of duty than to reduce their preferential rates. Thus was forcibly illustrated that conflict between nationalist and internationalist ideas which constituted the principal disturbing ferment in the politics of the Commonwealth between the two world wars. Such divergence of outlook was inevitable between young nations, whose secondary industries were buttressed by protection, and the older economy of Great Britain, linked by intimate bonds of trade with all the commercial countries of the world. Commonwealth co-operation was here put under a very heavy strain.

The innovations which resulted finally from the discussions at Ottawa were not revolutionary. They embraced no effort to create a genuine free trade regime within the Empire, to establish a wholly self-sufficient imperial domain, or to impair profoundly the commercial nexus between the Commonwealth and the world, although some of the agreements certainly restricted trade with other countries. In Canada and Australia the preferences for British goods often took the form of enhanced duties on goods from foreign countries. In Canada, for example, some 39 of the 223 tariff changes at the outset were increases. Preferences in Great Britain for dominion produce similarly involved discriminations against the products of other countries, and hampered the government in making reciprocal trade arrangements with such countries. An important condition in the agreements was that in order to ensure throughout the Empire fair competition in manufactured goods, the protective duties in the Dominions were to be reviewed by non-political tariff boards. The purpose here was to guarantee a fair opportunity to British manufactures, but it involved inter-Commonwealth collaboration of a new and bold form, and in practice the reviewing of tariffs on British goods gave dissatisfaction and generated tension. Costs of production in different countries are difficult to compare with assurance, and protective duties in a democracy are likely to be imposed under the sway of political considerations. Lancashire complained that Australian tariff schedules did not permit the reasonable competition between British and Australian goods sought by the Ottawa Conference, while the British woollen manufacturers were no less dissatisfied with the Canadian schedules.[18] On the other hand, the form assumed by British agricultural protection bred dissatisfaction in some of the Dominions.

Not the least significant feature of the Ottawa agreements was their limited duration. As the severity of depression in the thirties waned, the need for sheltered markets within the Empire became less urgent, and any illusions of imperial self-sufficiency were more clearly exposed. Within five years it was evident that the agreements had failed to fulfil the larger hopes

[18]See the *Economist*, June 30, 1934.

of the protectionists, and they still aroused consistent criticism from the exponents of liberal economics. Few indeed would contend that they had within the period added much to the political cohesion of the Commonwealth. The productive and exporting industries of Great Britain and the Dominions could find no adequate market within the Empire alone. The involved network of commercial and other intimate ties between the two divisions of the English-speaking world made dubious any tariff exclusiveness towards the United States, particularly in an era when collaboration between the democracies was imperative in face of Nazi and fascist threats and when Washington itself revealed a profound change of heart towards freer trade. Hence, with the assent of the Dominions, an Anglo-American trade agreement was reached in 1938, whereby among other things the preference in the British market for wheat was abolished, and that for timber and fruit reduced. A Canadian-American agreement was also signed in the same year, making possible wider trade between Canada and the United States. This partial retreat from the economic imperialism of Ottawa came inevitably from the intimate reliance of Commonwealth countries, especially Great Britain, upon world commerce in general and upon international goodwill. In the years immediately prior to the Second World War, despite the diversion of trade secured by the Ottawa agreements, over sixty per cent of British imports came from foreign or non-Empire countries and over half the exports went to foreign countries. The Ottawa Conference and its aftermath signally emphasized the extent to which the economic as well as the political welfare of the Commonwealth was interlaced with that of the world community, and especially, with that of the American Republic.[19] Trade added its substantial weight to the political forces which made the primary interest of the Commonwealth that of creating a stable international society. The standards of life among its people had been built upon a far-flung trade; it appeared that they could be secure only through its continuance.

Prior to 1914 the direct relations of the Dominions with foreign states were desultory, slight, and guided by little domestic discussion. Canada, owing to its proximity to the United States, had more intimate political contacts with that country than any of its sister nations had with other states, but all these communities were screened from responsibility for the larger affairs of foreign policy. The crucial decisions in the sphere of international politics were made at Westminster.

The unsettling years after the First World War opened a new era. Membership in the League and participation in international conferences quickened in the major Dominions a stronger sense of their own international position. A self-confident outlook was specially evident in Canada with the accession of the Liberals to office in 1921 under the leadership of Mr. Mackenzie King, the most significant politician of the era owing

[19]An illuminating examination of the Ottawa Conference and its effects is contained in W. K. Hancock, *Survey of Commonwealth Relations*, II, part 1. See also the analysis by H. V. Hodson in *The Empire in the World* (London, 1937).

to his success in winning office by the reconciliation of divergent groups.[20] Mr. King led a party more composite than its opponent, firmly rooted in Quebec, with adequate support in Ontario and the West, and he was not merely a successor but a devoted disciple of Laurier, resolved to pursue Laurier's policy of avoiding prior commitments to the Empire, especially in respect to Europe. In procedure, therefore, he became almost inevitably evasive, favoured in such evasiveness by the political circumstances in Canada and by the failure of British governments to further consultations. He was prompt to point out in the Chanak incident of 1922 that responsibility for a decision to participate in war dwelt only in the Canadian parliament, a position which under the circumstances enabled him to avoid any genuine commitment or joint imperial responsibility. This policy implied that the aid guaranteed in advance, which independent states commonly render one another when they sign mutual assistance treaties, was absent in the Commonwealth relationship.[21] The purely national interest of each was to dominate in a given instance. No common imperial policy was to be followed, like that welded in the heat of battle by the late Imperial War Cabinet. Joint responsibility was deemed unjustified without joint control, and the Commonwealth lacked the institutional means of control. Nor was Mr. King evidently interested in achieving such means. His anxiety to preserve liberty of action characterized Canadian policy not merely with respect to the Empire but also to the League of Nations. Throughout the early years of the League, Canada made successive efforts to remove or amend Article 10 of the Covenant because it involved collective international obligations.[22]

Such continued to be the policy of Canada to the outbreak of the Second World War. It rested on the postulates that this North American Dominion had no formal and prior imperial commitments in general foreign policy and that it was not bound to support a principle of international collective security. Actually, as events in 1939 quickly demonstrated, Canada was morally committed to act with the other countries under the common Crown in a major war. It possessed, like the other overseas Dominions, a powerful sense of obligation to the Commonwealth. But in regard to the League of Nations, Mr. King could remark with truth as late as June, 1936, that "successive Canadian Governments, without any appreciable public dissent, have opposed the view of Geneva as an international war office with emphasis on punishment rather than prevention."[23]

The Dominions in the South Pacific were less moved by a decentralizing nationalism. In Australia, between the two world wars, governments were on the whole eager to improve imperial collaboration and to achieve united

[20]Mr. King was in office for fifteen of the twenty inter-war years.

[21]A concise statement of the issues involved in the Chanak incident is contained in R. MacG. Dawson, *The Development of Dominion Status, 1900-1936* (London, 1937), 54-65.

[22]See C. A. W. Manning, *The Policies of the British Dominions in the League of Nations*, (London, 1932), 29-33.

[23]*Debates of the House of Commons*, June 18, 1936.

counsels. Prime Minister Stanley Bruce at the Imperial Conference of 1923 unsuccessfully argued for a secretariat responsible to the Imperial Conference in order to strengthen co-operation and remedy the chief defect of the Conference, its lack of continuity. In 1924 he followed up such proposals with practical suggestions to the British government on how consultation might be improved through a closer liaison between the Foreign Office and dominion governments. Australia, rather than appoint diplomatic representatives abroad, created an External Affairs Branch in the office of its High Commissioner in London, under an officer with the requisite standing to enjoy the confidence of the Foreign Office. This officer kept his minister in Canberra fully informed on the course of British foreign policy and amplified the information conveyed by the Dominions Office. Such Australian interest in a co-operative British Commonwealth was due not merely to sentiment among a people predominantly British in origin, who have possessed that continuing sense of community and fellowship once referred to by Harrison Moore in the remark that "when trouble comes, we Australians look to Great Britain for some sort of support and sympathy which we do not expect elsewhere." Nor was it due primarily to the intimacy of Australian-British economic relations, despite their importance, but to the geographic isolation of Australia, to its remoteness from friendly neighbours, to the sparsity of its population in a vast territory, and hence to its exceptional reliance upon British sea-power. A strong and united Empire has long been the cardinal fact in Australian foreign policy, and was little altered by the stirrings of nationalism in the twenties; it was still deemed to be the secure foundation for the achievement of Australian social ideals and way of life. Canada by contrast was much dominated in the period, not merely by a self-regarding nationalism, but in some measure by the pullings of North American isolationism. Its foreign policy has always been less easy to define than that of Australia for it has been subject to more varied influences. Instead of being isolated geographically like its sister Dominions, it is bound to the United States by three thousand miles of land frontier, with profound economic and political consequences. Its dual nationalism and varied racial composition weaken the call of imperial sentiment. Liberal and nationalist intellectuals, especially in the twenties and thirties, tended to exaggerate the significance of the geographic factor. They liked to view Canada as a North American entity, moved by a continental inspiration. It was often too dimly realized that Canada relied for cultural and political sustenance on a broader community than that of North America, that the imponderables of her position escaped an analysis on lines merely of geographic regionalism, and that for a large portion of her people the sense of sharing a common destiny with the inhabitants of the British Islands was still potent. Even the strategic significance of Great Britain as the major bastion of American and Canadian security received scant attention in much of the academic discussion on foreign relations. The often quoted remark of Senator Dandurand at the Assembly of the

League that Canadians lived in a fireproof house reflected the current and sanguine faith in continental isolation.

Yet certain developments in these years were destined ultimately to further collaboration within the Commonwealth, although at first they may have appeared to be simply another assertion of centrifugal nationalism. Such was the opening of Canadian legations abroad, which began with that in Washington in 1926 and was followed by others in Paris and Tokyo. South Africa was quick to follow the Canadian example. The necessities within the Second World War speeded this development. Canada then exchanged ministers with the leading South American states and with Russia, China, and Mexico, while Australia and New Zealand departed from their former policy of exclusive dependence upon British ministers in foreign capitals by sending ministers to Washington and Moscow. Australia also opened a legation in Chungking. Although these developments doubtless disrupted the older diplomatic unity of the Empire, they contributed to the creation of a more effective Commonwealth. The governments of the Dominions thus became better informed on the affairs of the outer world, developed more trained experts, and hence were more fully prepared, not merely to discuss such affairs with the British government and to achieve collaboration, but to exert their combined influence directly on foreign countries. Scarcely less significant was the exchange of High Commissioners among the members of the Commonwealth. Since 1928 the British government has adopted the practice of appointing High Commissioners to the Dominions, and with the Second World War the Dominions exchanged Commissioners, a circumstance which facilitated understanding and collaboration.

The Second World War speeded other methods of making consultation a reality. This consultation did not come through a full-dress Imperial Conference or an Imperial War Cabinet, like that which operated in the First World War. No genuine Imperial Conference met between 1937 and the spring of 1944, and the conference of the latter year was a restricted affair between Prime Ministers. But direct communication between governments was enlarged, either through normal channels or through special channels created under the necessities of war, such as the direct communication between departments in the Dominions and their equivalents in Great Britain. A steady flow of telegrams passed between the Departments of External Affairs in the various Dominions and the Dominions Office in London, supplemented by the use of the long distance telephone and by conversations between the dominion High Commissioners in London and the Dominions Secretary, or between the United Kingdom High Commissioners in the Dominions and the dominion governments. Early in the war the practice developed of daily meetings between the Dominions Secretary and the dominion High Commissioners, at which a high official of the Foreign Office was present. Such meetings were considered by Lord Cranborne as "an extremely effective piece of imperial machinery." Less formal but scarcely less important with the increased

speed and safety of air transport in the era of war was the direct method of consultation through the visits of dominion ministers to London. The visit of British ministers to the Dominions was less frequent, except in the case of the more accessible Canada.

Conclusion

As the preceding pages have illustrated, the modern Commonwealth has responded in character to the varied forces in the life of the Dominions, especially to the developments of democracy and nationalism. In its growth it has come to exhibit political traits peculiar to the British Empire, foremost among which is the legal equality of all autonomous states within the association, despite differences in size, power, and function. Small nations have here dignity and freedom. Like individual citizens in a democratic state, each counts for one, and within the general councils is free to voice its protest, present its convictions, and exert such influence as it may possess to convert its associates. If it fails to convert, then it has the liberty to dissent, even to the degree in war of declaring neutrality. Although neutral Eire in 1939 thus exhibited the reality of free bonds within the Commonwealth, it did not reveal the more significant feature, the sense of cohesive interdependence and mutual obligation which made neutrality for the overseas Dominions impossible. Nothing is more striking among the members than that vivid consciousness of common concern, grounded in like-mindedness, which deserted the League of Nations in the crises of the thirties, but held together the Dominions and Great Britain in two world wars. Moreover, the globe-encircling character of the Commonwealth, combined with the liberal-democratic philosophy whereby it seeks to live, has given it a profound interest in peace and international security, not merely for itself but for the world. The bulwark of its defence must be a magnanimous political policy. In a famous official memorandum in 1907, Sir Eyre Crowe argued in terms still pertinent that a scattered maritime empire like the British must always be threatened by a hostile combination of other states in the world. "This danger can in practice only be averted—and history shows that it has been so averted—on condition that the national policy of the insular and naval state is so directed as to harmonize with the general desires and ideals common to all mankind, and more particularly that it is closely identified with the primary and vital interests of a majority, or as many as possible, of the other nations."[24]

Yet the Commonwealth has obvious weaknesses. While its dispersal in many separate territories, under divided jurisdictions, endows it with an alert world sense, the same circumstance also makes it vulnerable, exposed to dangers in many regions, and subject to the cleavages of regional interest. Its emphasis upon local liberties has implied a weakness in dealing with the outer world, especially in making its purposes known to other peoples, or in preparing against external danger. The members of the Commonwealth

[24]Quoted in Hancock, *Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs*, I, vii.

during war have been effective in co-operation, but in peace they insufficiently recognized that the security of the whole is the responsibility of the whole, and that prior commitments are acts of wisdom. Common responsibility has not marched in lock-step with liberty. This absence of adequate commitments fostered the conviction among enemies in 1914 and 1939 that separatism would emerge in the Commonwealth under the shock of war. Loose co-operation in peace weakened its leadership in furthering peace. The centre and the periphery, England and the Dominions, are affected by varied and diverse influences, and their co-ordination is imperative for the strength and survival of the Commonwealth.

Important also are the issues of coherence in political policies and values. Countries within the Commonwealth have been inspired by like social philosophies, committed to the freedom of associations, civil liberties, and the democratic methods of persuasion. They have gone far in reconciling within the one body politic divergences of race, religion, and general culture. Yet to retain their ideological power in the future they will undoubtedly need to go even farther. They must be prepared to implement boldly the policy of racial equality. The Indians of South Africa, irritated at the limitations of their civil status, exhibit a symptom of racial disharmony, with ill effects which travel beyond the confines of the Union, especially to India. Any discrimination based solely on race or colour and not justified by cultural backwardness, conflicts with the ethics of the Commonwealth and will in time sap its strength. India can be retained within the association only on the basis that colour is irrelevant in the political experiments of the Commonwealth.

In Africa there are millions of natives whose status relative to the purposes of the Commonwealth must be gradually re-interpreted as the stage of trusteeship yields to that of self-government and democracy. "I think," declared Mr. Churchill in the Imperial Conference of 1921, "there is only one ideal that the British Empire can set before itself in this regard, and that is that there should be no barrier of race, colour, or creed which should prevent any man of merit from reaching any station if he is fitted for it." That remark could be matched by many others in the discussions during Imperial Conferences. While as a principle it has been subscribed to by the leading statesmen in the Empire, the need to implement it remains the most crucial challenge to the Commonwealth.

ATHENS DURING THE CIVIL WAR: 1944

H. A. Thompson

Those who emerged as party leaders in the several cities, by assuming on either side a fair-sounding name, the one using as its catch-word "political equality for the masses under the law," the other "temperate aristocracy," while they pretended to be devoted to the common weal, in reality made it their prize—Thucydides III.82.8 (Loeb translation).

OUR aircraft droned low over the Ionian Islands in its passage from south Italy to Athens on November 29, 1944. To the north, Corfu clung to the mainland; to the south, as we approached, Ithaca detached herself from the embrace of Cephalonia; in a few minutes we were over the Gulf of Patras and were looking down on Messolonghi: a dull blur in a dreary waste of lagoons.

I had been re-reading Lord Byron's last letters written from Cephalonia and Messolonghi in the autumn of 1823 and the spring of 1824, at a time, that is, when the Greeks appeared to be well on their way toward achieving final deliverance from the Turk. Byron's trenchant judgments on those whom he had come to help kept running through my mind:

> The Greeks appear in more danger from their own divisions than from the attacks of the enemy. There is a talk of treachery, and all sorts of parties amongst them; a jealousy of strangers, and a desire for nothing but money.... They have at length found leisure to quarrel among themselves, after repelling their other enemies, and it is no very easy part that I may have to play to avoid appearing partial to one or other of their factions.... The Greeks... who seem to have no enemies in heaven or in earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord amongst themselves.... We have heard some rumours of new dissensions, nay, of the existence of a civil war.

Byron's apprehension of 120 years ago accorded all too well with present fears; but these premonitions were lulled by the beauty of the landscape that was revealed by our further passage along the Gulf of Corinth: the snow-capped summits of Erymanthos, Parnassos, and Helicon, their lower slopes fresh with the green of winter wheat and flecked with the autumn gold of plane-trees. Then the Corinth Canal struck a grim note; even from our height we could see that its bridges were gone, its sides deeply cratered, its channel blocked by sunken vessels. And equally sombre was the scene on the airfield at Tatoi where we landed. The ebb and flow of war (1940, 1941, 1944) had reduced much of the area to pitted countryside and had left all its buildings twisted tangles of steel frames.

These gloomy circumstances, however, had by no means daunted the Greek driver who conveyed us to Athens in an abandoned German motor bus that required repeated nursing even on that ten-mile run. We were spared the flowers and the kisses which had greeted the first Allied troops to re-enter the liberated city six weeks earlier. The initial ebullience had subsided, leaving only a warm glow of gratitude toward the Allies. On

every side one heard heartfelt expressions of appreciation for the material aid and moral encouragement that had been provided by the British and Americans during the years of occupation. And not least one heard of the wheat that had been given by Canada since 1942 at the rate of 15,000 tons per month.

On making my way to the excavations of the Agora, or ancient market-place, in the heart of Athens where I had worked during the thirties, I found a skeleton staff of our Greek employees. Thanks to their loyalty in safeguarding the property during the occupation, neither antiquities nor modern buildings had suffered. The older among our employees showed evident signs of the malnutrition which they had suffered especially in the famine winter of 1941-2; from this many will never recover. The incidence of tuberculosis and of malaria had risen enormously so that hospitals and sanatoria were swamped. The clothing and shoe situation was desperate; even such comparatively well-to-do people as our foremen assured me that they were literally wearing their last clothes. By this time, relief supplies were arriving in appreciable volume and were being handled for the most part through the established grocery shops.

Finances were in a chaotic state which made life very uncertain. Prices were still rising at a bewildering pace. A telephone call cost two million drachmai, an orange twenty-five million. Workmen were frantic. The ordinary labourer working by the week would agree on Monday morning to a weekly wage which when received on Saturday evening might not suffice to buy his Sunday breakfast. A quantity of a new series of drachmai had just been flown down from England, however, and it was hoped that the new issue could be held firm.

Despite all the agony that the Greek people had suffered during the occupation, and in face of the uncertainty of both the present and the future, their morale was astonishingly high and came as a tonic to one accustomed to the dazed state of mind and the apathy of the south Italian.

One soon sensed, however, an end-of-the-honeymoon quality about the atmosphere of Athens. The Greek coalition government with M. Papandreou at its head had entered the country immediately after the German withdrawal from the Athens area (October 14, 1944). Most of the intervening month had been spent in a fruitless effort to solve the first great problem, namely, "the arming of the State and the disarming of the Organizations." The same problem had arisen at the close of the Greek War of Independence, and the failure to settle it promptly on that occasion had involved the country in additional years of corrosive civil strife. Even with that grim precedent in mind, however, the negotiators of November, 1944, failed to arrive at a satisfactory compromise. So intense was the accumulated distrust between *EAM*, the principal resistance group, and the Greek government that neither side would lay down its arms until its major claims had been satisfied.

The crisis came to a head on December 1, on which day the six *EAM*

members of the cabinet walked out and General Scobie, the Officer Commanding Allied Forces in Greece, issued an order calling for the disbandment of guerilla forces and announcing that he would "stand firmly by the side of the present constitutional government until the Greek state could be re-established with a lawful armed force at its command and until free elections could be held."

EAM responded by an appeal to the British, American, and Soviet governments in which it invoked the principles of the Atlantic Charter and the Teheran Conference. It then called for a general strike to begin on Monday, December 4, and for an *EAM* demonstration on Sunday, December 3. Permission for the demonstration was at first given by the Papandreou government but was revoked late on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning the parade formed up and marched into Constitution Square. It was ordered to halt, by a line of government police. The parade moved on, the police opened fire, shooting into the crowd, killing 23 and wounding 142. About the sequence of events on this fateful Sunday morning there is no question in my mind; I was in Athens at the time and although I was not in Constitution Square in the morning I talked at noon with Greek and American friends who had witnessed the episode.

The general strike, one hundred per cent effective, began on Monday morning; the dead *EAM*-ites were carried to their graves across the Ilissos by a long procession of party members; by Tuesday morning fighting was in progress at many points of the city between Greek government and British forces on one side and *EAM* forces on the other.

On Wednesday, though fighting continued to swirl through the city, I resolved to revisit the Acropolis. A platoon of British Tommies garrisoned the ancient citadel; some were busily setting up a mortar in front of the Propylaea; others were preparing their quarters for the night in the Acropolis Museum at the feet of a towering statue of Athena. In the lower city, rifle and machine-gun fire crackled while here and there a column of smoke rose from a burning building. On the hilltop, however, all was serene and the contrast served only to heighten the dignity and the quality of eternity in the Periclean buildings.

On the following day, December 6, although fighting had become more general, I decided to make an effort to visit an elderly Greek friend with whom I had collaborated years before. I proceeded (in naval uniform) from Kolonaki Square in the direction of Omonoia Square. At most intersections one was advised by the residents as to whether and how the crossing could be made in safety. Eventually I came to a couple of intersections where no citizens were in evidence. The area, as it transpired, was no man's land, and soon after crossing it I found myself suddenly surrounded by heavily armed men in the uniform of *ELAS*, which is the armed forces of *EAM*, who searched me for weapons (I carried none) and then led me a short distance to a schoolhouse on the slopes of Likavittos. This proved to be the headquarters of the local committee of *EAM*, and I was given a

preliminary interrogation by the president and secretary of the committee, both in civilian dress.

I should explain that my captors never thought to enquire whether I spoke Greek, nor did I count it worth while to inform them that I had an easy knowledge of the language. Consequently questions were framed in Greek and then put in English through an interpreter, and in this way I had more time to prepare my replies and could also check what they said to me in English against what they said to one another in Greek; there were few discrepancies.

Soon realizing that the matter was beyond their competence, the *EAM* officials sent me under guard to the nearest "Company Headquarters." Here were several officers in uniform together with a number of civilians and, although fighting was going on within a stone's throw, the whole atmosphere was leisurely and very informal. A young captain who had studied at Athens College and spoke English fluently conducted the interrogation. I was asked my unit and my mission; to this I replied that I was stationed in Italy and was spending a week's leave in Athens. The answer was accepted and questioning at once turned to the political aspects of the current crisis. Very shortly the interrogation changed to a general discussion in which all present joined. Then, reverting to my case, the captain decided that it was beyond his competence also and sent me under guard to "Battalion Headquarters" to whom he addressed a memorandum explaining the circumstances of my capture and recommending that I be treated with all possible consideration.

At "Battalion Headquarters" I was kept in a room together with two officials of *EAM* in civilian dress. After an hour's delay, the decision was brought and delivered orally by a smartly uniformed major: I was to count myself free from that moment, and apologies were tendered for the inconvenience to which I had been exposed. I was given the option of setting off at once (in which case I should have had to sign a statement that I did so at my own risk), or of remaining with *EAM-ELAS* until the situation cleared. Since heavy firing could now be heard on all sides, I chose to remain and soon set off with a civilian to his house.

This "friendly house" lay just above Gizi Square on the western slopes of Tourkovounia, in the middle of a working-class district where *EAM-ELAS* appeared to be sure of their position. My host was a middle-aged man who had served as chief steward on several Greek ships and had run a restaurant in New York City for three years. He owned this house of ten rooms and derived most of his income from renting to lodgers. I was given a room to myself and meals were brought to me. Although I seldom left the room during my visit and never went out of the house, I was able to hear and see much that went on in the little square. My host, who spoke broken English, talked freely and kept me informed of the progress of the fighting and of such news as they received from the outside world. Gizi Square was occasionally raked with machine-gun fire from a nearby strong-

point manned by police, and sporadic sniping was kept up through the day. On Friday alone, ten persons were reported to have been killed in the neighbourhood, and at dusk the church bells summoned volunteers to assist in burying the dead in the air-raid shelter trenches of the square.

On Saturday afternoon a messenger came from the nearest "Company Headquarters" inviting me to accompany one of their officers to another headquarters whence I might find a better opportunity of crossing the lines. We set out escorted by two soldiers of *ELAS* and after a long scramble over the slopes of Tourkovounia where we were exposed to machine-gun and rifle fire from both sides, we descended into Kipseli, a middle-class residential district in the northern part of the city. In the local "Company Headquarters" the explanatory chit sent with me was accepted without question and it only remained to find the best way of crossing the lines. It was finally decided that I should accompany an official of *EAM* who was to set out the following morning with letters for the British, American, and French embassies.

Saturday night I spent in the home of this young *EAM*-ite. He himself had just completed his training in electrical engineering at the University of Munich before the German invasion and had returned to act as interpreter with the Australian forces in Greece. His father, a man of sixty, had made his money in tobacco and now owned two restaurants and several shops in Athens. Their house was large, well furnished, with a good library and a lovely garden. Staying with the family was an old friend of theirs, a business man from Volos who had got caught in Athens by the troubles. We had a good deal of conversation over supper and again over breakfast on Sunday morning. The son showed himself an ardent supporter of *EAM;* the parents gave their more sober approval; the guest from Volos had no use for either *EAM* or communism. (Three thousand people, he assured me, had been liquidated by *EAM* in Volos since the German evacuation.)

The night was made noisy by the persistent attacks directed by *ELAS* against the police-garrisoned Military Academy which stood some two hundred yards distant from my host's house.

On Sunday morning I set out in company with the *EAM* emissary, who vouched for me in *EAM* territory. We crossed the several streets which constituted no man's land under sporadic fire and then continued unchallenged to Kolonaki on the east slope of Likavittos.

There I presented the *EAM*-ite to the American Ambassador who received his letter and listened with interest to his oral presentation of *EAM*'s case. The Ambassador made it clear, however, that his country, which was fully preoccupied on the Western Front and in the Pacific, had agreed to leave decisions in the Middle East to Great Britain. He could not, therefore, and would not, intervene on behalf of either Greek party in Athens. He regarded it as his duty to keep Washington as fully and as reliably informed as possible on the development of the situation; if any

representations were to be made by the United States to Great Britain they would have to be made in London. The *EAM* emissary appeared a little crestfallen by this firm statement; he expressed himself as satisfied, however, and promised to make the Ambassador's position clear to his party.

We then proceeded to the French embassy. Since the French Ambassador was absent at church I left the *EAM*-ite to await his return and we parted company. I next called at the British embassy, delivered the letter from *EAM* and gave a detailed oral report of my experiences.

On Tuesday morning I departed from Athens by air and returned to duty in Italy.

From beginning to end I had been treated by my captors and my hosts both properly and considerately. On two occasions, to be sure, it was urged that I be taken out and shot as an "example to meddling Englishmen," but in both cases the proponent of this view found himself in a small minority and did not press his opinion. Officers of *ELAS* and officials of *EAM* were obviously somewhat influenced by the knowledge that I was a Canadian rather than an English officer and that I numbered many Americans among my personal friends. With other ranks and civilians, however, a sympathetic interest in their problems was enough to assure a full measure of traditional Greek hospitality. In each of the houses where I spent nights, I was given the best room to myself and was certainly fed as well as the fast failing resources of the household would permit. On one occasion in each house, when only a single egg was available, it was insisted that I should have it. And both my hosts warmly urged me to revisit them in happier days.

As already indicated, uniformed officers of *ELAS* and officials of *EAM* regularly appeared together in the offices I visited and shared equally in discussions. How closely these small headquarters were in touch with central headquarters was not clear. Local units depended for their information largely on the daily sheet, *Free Greece*, published by the Central Committee of *EAM*. This was read eagerly but with wholesome scepticism. Each evening, and occasionally through the day, "hot news" or instructions were intoned from high places by criers.

In the area I visited, no strongpoints had been set up. Fighting was carried on among the houses, and the *ELAS* troops fed and slept in the households in which they found themselves. Supply and medical services were rudimentary. Food was running low, but the recent resumption of the distribution of flour was welcomed as a relief for both the civil population and the fighting men. From dressing-stations in private houses the seriously wounded were carried by Red Cross ambulances to the large public hospitals.

Morale was uniformly high among officers, other ranks, and civilians. They all expressed great confidence in their overall strength. The more conservative reckoned that *EAM* controlled at least seventy per cent of the population of Greece. In Athens, where the reactionary elements of the whole country were concentrated, they believed that their chances against

the government forces were at least good; in the Piraeus area they claimed to be dominant; in the rest of Greece they pointed to the almost complete absence of disturbance as an indication that there was no one to dispute their mastery.

The local *ELAS*-ites were cheered by the reports of the imminent arrival of reinforcements from both the north and the Peloponnese. (Of such reinforcements, however, I saw nothing.) Those whom I met were well aware of the casualties and damage inflicted on their forces by strafing from the air in other parts of the city; yet they were not daunted but rather infuriated. Nor were they greatly disturbed by the tanks. Their policy was to hinder their approach to important objectives by mining; elsewhere to melt away and let the tanks rumble through empty streets. They were much elated by the report that their comrades in Kaisariani had captured two tanks "with their bare hands."

In frank discussion with both groups and individuals I made an effort to discover the grounds of the current dissatisfaction. The complaint most frequently and most bitterly urged against the Papandreou government was its failure to deal promptly and adequately with the collaborators or "traitors." The *EAM*-ites were aware that many of these people had been imprisoned by the government, but six weeks had passed and no one had yet been brought to trial; the suspicion was commonly expressed that nothing more was likely to come of it. They insisted, moreover, that many "traitors" were still at large and some of them actually in government employ.

One instance will exemplify what these people meant by "collaboration." One of the civilian guards with whom I spent a couple of hours on the first day, a middle-aged civil servant, had sheltered three British officers in his house in Athens after the German invasion. All went well for seven months; then a neighbour, a Greek, reported to the Germans. The Germans surrounded the house but were fought off by my guard and by one of the three officers long enough for the other two officers to escape. In the fight the one officer was killed and my guard was severely wounded. The other two officers were led to the Piraeus by my guard's son who procured a boat in which they escaped to Turkey; the son, however, was caught by the Germans and shot. The father, my host, was imprisoned. The man who betrayed my guard had fared well for the remainder of the German occupation and was still a free man.

The old police forces stood high in the list of "traitors," especially the Gendarmerie and the Royal Bodyguard, both of which had been revamped under the Metaxas dictatorship and had subsequently shown themselves too compliant under the German occupation. My host of the first two nights told of an evzone who had been billeted in his house during the occupation. Even in the famine winter of 1941-2, when my host and his family were barely subsisting on herbs gathered from the hillsides, the evzone received enough ration cards and money to enable him to feed on

mutton, fish, cheese, and wine, none of which were tasted by civilians of the working class for months on end. The memory of such discrimination still rankled.

The *ELAS*-ites looked forward with particular relish to the attack which they were planning for Saturday night, December 9, against the Military Academy, then garrisoned by police. One of my attendants, a young soldier, remarked that it would be only just to butcher all the prisoners. There can be no doubt that the feelings between *EAM* and the police were mutual and this will explain the otherwise incomprehensible brutality of the police in firing directly into the *EAM* parade on that fateful Sunday morning.

The next most serious complaint had to do with the negotiations for disarmament. It was generally stated that the best solution for the disarmament problem would have been for all forces, both "regular" and "irregular," to have laid down their arms at once and then for a new regular army to have been formed through enlistment by classes. This procedure was not acceptable to the Papandreou government. As an alternative, *EAM-ELAS* would have been satisfied with a new regular army in which the incoming brigades and the irregular forces were represented, but only on condition that the contingent from *ELAS* was equal in number to all the other military forces and police forces combined. Their present preponderant position in the country entitled them, they insisted, to at least this representation. The Papandreou government, however, even in its greatest concessions, would not accept this formula. *ELAS*-ites were adamant in maintaining that they would not now lay down arms until some at least of their demands had been met in fact and not merely by promises. They reminded me that in the hiatus of several days which intervened between the German evacuation of the Athens-Piraeus area and the arrival of substantial British forces, *EAM-ELAS*, although present in strength, had made no effort to seize control. This was adduced as proof of good faith. The lack of organization evident in all *EAM*'s activities in the area visited tended to confirm their contention that the movement in December was hastily conceived.

British interference was deeply resented by all with whom I talked, even by the most sober. They continually pointed out that Greece had been Britain's first and most faithful ally in this part of the world; why should she now be treated like a satellite? Again and again they would refer to the Atlantic Charter and ask, "Does it or does it not mean anything?" If, moreover, Britain felt obliged to intervene, why did she champion the one side, and that the side which had begun the violence by firing on the unarmed procession on Sunday, December 3? Back of the present British intervention, *EAM* insisted on seeing a determination to restore the King. My repeated reminder that the British government had agreed to leave this matter to the free choice of the Greek people never elicited more than polite scepticism. General Scobie and the British Ambassador were singled out as the arch criminals and they were unsparingly condemned. Mr.

Churchill, they argued, must have been ill-informed or ill-advised or both; in any case he had made grievous errors. His name, however, was always mentioned with respect and his great qualities were often freely admired.

All those who condemned British interference, even those who were most bitter, nevertheless lamented the break between Greece and England. This struck them as something unnatural and inherently wrong. In their next breath, however, they would insist that they had fought for their freedom against Italians and Germans and would defend it even against the British.

Occasionally the complaint was made that Allied relief had been slow in starting and even after six weeks was inadequate in scale. They were disturbed, however, by the threat alleged to have been made by General Scobie that in view of the present troubles the Allied relief program might be entirely cancelled.

When questioned as to their idea of a future government, *EAM* officials and *ELAS* officers insisted that they had no desire for a one-party government. What they wanted was an adequate representation in a national government free from foreign domination. Nor would they insist on having the Prime Minister chosen from among their ranks. As to suitable candidates for the premiership they were vague. They appeared to hold no great resentment against M. Papandreou, believing that in the final weeks before the crisis he had been little more than a tool of the British. When asked which of their own people might be considered for the premiership, they spoke with most respect of M. Svolos, but even of him they did not speak with enthusiasm. They insisted that they had achieved something new in Greek public life, namely, a political party that enjoyed the support of a real majority of the Greek people; hence there was no longer need of dominant personalities.

There was very little talk of communism. The young intellectuals who talked most freely of *EAM*'s grievances and aims did not mention it. Several of the middle-aged civilian members of the party took pains to insist that they themselves had no use for communism and that only a small proportion of *EAM* was interested.

There appeared to be more hope in their minds for a settlement from without than from within. The attitude of the House of Commons was being followed closely, and satisfaction was expressed over the abstention of so many Labour members in the recent vote of confidence. It was felt that the majority of the English press had been well disposed toward the cause of *EAM* from the beginning and a recent swing in the line taken by *The Times* was regarded as a good omen.

The intervention of the United States and Russia was eagerly desired. No indication was given as to what form this intervention might be expected to take; rather there was a mystic faith and hope that these two countries would not see *EAM*'s cause collapse. Nor did anyone comment on the inconsistency in beseeching from the United States and Russia the

intervention which was so violently resented not only in fact but in principle when proffered by Britain.

Again and again I was assured that *EAM-ELAS* were determined to keep up the struggle until an acceptable solution had been obtained. In 1935-6 the people were duped, they said, and the price of yielding too readily was dictatorship. Now, even if beaten in Athens, they would withdraw to the villages and the mountains, their more familiar battleground, and would fight until they had made sure of their freedom.

I need only outline subsequent events in Athens. Fighting dragged on through December. On Christmas Day Prime Minister Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden made their dramatic appearance in Athens. The most significant result of their visit was the appointment of Archbishop Damaskinos as regent, a move which at least allayed suspicions about British policy regarding the return of the King. Another move in the same direction was the choice of General Plastiras as Prime Minister. At this juncture he was remembered chiefly for his uncompromising attitude toward the monarchy in the twenties and thirties. Partly in consequence of the improved atmosphere and partly as a result of the growing British mastery of the military situation, fighting came to a stop on January 15. Subsequent negotiations resulted, on February 13, in the Varkiza Agreement. The Agreement specified that *ELAS* should lay down its arms within two weeks; that *EAM* and the communist party should be recognized legally but should not have representation in the Plastiras government; that the prosecution of outstanding collaborationists should be begun at once; and that elections and a plebiscite on the constitution should be held within the year.

No final assessment of either the motives or the conduct of the British authorities in connection with the troubles can be made before the publication of much more of the evidence relating not only to the events themselves but also to the long period of incubation that preceded them. The following observations are therefore to be regarded as merely personal and tentative.

Let me emphasize in the first place that, as far as I was in a position to judge, British intentions toward Greece were honourable. I have discussed Greek problems with British liaison officers who had spent months or years inside the country during the occupation. While in Athens I had some contact with the British troops, both officers and men, who were doing the fighting. I had long conversations with the British general who led the fighting, both before he entered the country and as he came out. I have also heard the opinions of the staffs of the British embassy in Athens and of the Resident British Minister in the Near East. There was, to be sure, a considerable variety of opinion among and even within these various groups, as appeared clearly from the debates in the House of Commons at the time. I can say, however, that every responsible Englishman with whom I talked was as much concerned for Greek as for British interests,

and most of them were more anxious about the welfare of Greece than about the British position in that part of the world. And whereas many Greeks and many outside critics appeared to believe that the British took a fiendish delight in interfering in the affairs of another country, my impression on the spot was that the British themselves loathed the whole business. That Greek and British interests were largely co-terminous should, of course, be self-evident. Viewing the matter even from the most utilitarian angle, the British realized that much more important than military bases or formal pacts was the goodwill of the Greek people, and this could best be assured by restoring political harmony and economic prosperity as speedily as possible.

I feel, further, that the British were justified in backing the Papandreou government after its return to liberated Greece. This government had been formed after tremendous effort and it provided as broad and as fair a representation of parties as was humanly possible at the time. That it should have continued to be subject to interminable changes in response to the clamours of one party or another was patently preposterous; no government could function on such terms. Supporting the Papandreou government, therefore, seemed the best way of maintaining the country on an even keel in the critical period between liberation and the first election.

Granted, however, that the British policy was right in principle, it may be objected that it frequently suffered through lack of tact in its application or through misunderstanding of the Greek temperament. One small but typical example will illustrate the point. In the orders of the day issued by General Scobie in Athens in the opening days of the trouble last December, objection was taken to the street cries and it was insisted that they cease. Now anyone who has known Greece at times of political tension is well aware that shouting is a salutary safety-valve and should no more be suppressed than orating at Hyde Park Corner. By insisting on this point, the British Command annoyed the Greeks and at the same time made itself ridiculous in their eyes.

In this connection it should be emphasized that the fighting last winter was localized and confined almost entirely to Athens and the Piraeus; this was true in spite of the fact that much the same elements of potential trouble existed in provincial towns such as Patras and Salonika, albeit on a smaller scale. That open conflict was averted in those places was owing largely to the more tactful handling of the situation by the local authorities on both sides.

Many critics at the time, and even today, assign the whole or the major part of the blame to the British. Such a judgment, I would submit, displays a dangerous ignorance of the Greek temperament and of Greek history. All through the ages, the Greeks when under strain have given way to what they themselves call "stasis," that is, factional rivalry which is aggravated by intransigence in their political relations and inevitably ends in civil strife. The situation in 1944-5 was fundamentally similar to that

in the closing years of the Greek War of Independence during the twenties of the last century. The letters written home by Lord Byron from western Greece in 1823 and 1824 are identical in tone and in the scene they describe with the letters of our British liaison officers of the past few years. Byron, like them, was conscious both of the splendid principles at stake and of the sordid and roundabout ways in which they were often achieved. Or, to go back to a time when no Englishman had yet appeared on the scene, Thucydides' judgment in the third book of his history regarding civil strife within the Greek city states is directly applicable to the events of 1944-5. There exists no more penetrating or credible analysis than Thucydides' of this, the least attractive, side of the Greek genius.

ON REREADING FLAUBERT

A. E. Carter

OF the three great French novelists of the nineteenth century, Flaubert has suffered most from modern criticism. Despite fluctuations, the Stendhal vogue, which began "*vers* 1880," continues undiminished; and Balzac's enormous defects are excused as the carelessness of a talent too richly gifted, too akin to the prodigal vigour of nature herself, to heed the petty restraints of art. *Madame Bovary*, it is true, is still read, more generally read, perhaps, than any one novel by either Stendhal or Balzac. But the dust of the library is heavy on *Salammbô*, on *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine*, on *L'Education sentimentale*. If it were not for *Madame Bovary*, who but the specialist would know much more than the name of Gustave Flaubert? His first novel is still considered one of the five or six masterpieces of nineteenth-century fiction. But apart from that fact his position is not much better than Prévost's or Laclos's. He has become a one-book author.

When one considers the enthusiasm his work evoked a bare forty or fifty years ago, this is neglect indeed. To the men of the eighties and nineties, to Walter Pater and Guy de Maupassant, Flaubert was the master of style, the impeccable artist who had given to fiction the polish and beauty until then reserved for verse. These very qualities, doubtless, have something to do with the decline of his popularity; for they are more likely to irritate than to please us today. We are prone to dislike a well-written book simply because it is well written. The careful paragraph and the polished phrase strike us as artificial, and we fly—like the dog from the uncorked scent-bottle. Whether this attitude is justified or not is a matter of opinion. However, the fact remains that most attacks on Flaubert are directed against the very qualities that were once so much admired. André Malraux calls his books "beaux romans paralysés"; François Mauriac blames his exclusive devotion to art; André Gide sets him eighth in a list of favourite novelists (actually preferring Furetière, Fromentin, and Madame de la Fayette); Sartre sneers at the "bourgeois" comfort of his life at Croisset and blames his indifference to the White Terror of 1871; Valéry is deliberately irreverent. After reading such criticisms, one inevitably asks whether the novels of Flaubert have any value at all.

It is impossible, indeed, to deny their defects. On some of its premises contemporary criticism is certainly justified. Flaubert's literary achievement is marred by failure, and failure of no uncertain kind. Balzac's errors are in part at least the result of hasty production. There is some excuse for overlooking them. But Flaubert was never hounded by necessity; he had time and money at his disposal: when he failed, he failed deliberately. Pitying an author because poverty forces him to hasty publication is a commonplace of criticism; but those whose hard fate drives them prema-

turely into the printer's hands may take consolation—and warning—from the example of Flaubert. He spent five years on *Salammbô*, twenty on *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine;* and few hasty deliveries have produced works so disappointing. Both were fashioned with love and patience; into both he put all his literary enthusiasm, his passion for high colour and lyric prose. The results are all but unreadable: tedious accumulations of bric-à-brac, only occasionally relieved by a bit of clever description. The spectacle of that brilliant intelligence, gifted as it was with an almost unsurpassed skill in detecting the fine shades of vulgar prejudice and moral blindness, wasting its efforts on the manufacture of such gaudy paste, is one of the strangest in literature. And the famous style: everyone knows the agonies it cost the "solitaire de Croisset"; everyone has read of his struggles, often lasting for weeks, over a page, a paragraph, a simple epithet. Was the result worth such sacrifice of time and labour? It has given us some half dozen books distinguished in all their parts by great lucidity and careful workmanship; and this is no small merit when one considers the appalling lapses of which even the greatest novelists are frequently guilty. But despite a minutely worked surface and a number of passages of great beauty, Flaubert's style is a synthetic one. Compare it with a *real* style: the style of a Voltaire, of a Chateaubriand, of a Mauriac or a Valéry. The result is not in Flaubert's favour. He lacked dexterity. For all his lifelong preoccupation with what he called *l'Art*, he was not especially gifted as a pure artist. His sentences rarely unite themselves so closely with the idea as to form that amalgam which is rightly considered the ultimate achievement in writing. They are imposed from without like an iron corset—nail-studded for good measure. They sustain the idea brutally, and that is all. Even in mechanical effects, Flaubert was limited. This most self-conscious of writers, who suffered such tortures from the repetition of a word, repeated himself constantly in the design of his paragraphs and the technique of his phrases. Two or three clauses, separated by semicolons and united, by an *et*, with a concluding lyric phrase: this is the pattern of his style, and it occurs so often that it ends by seeming a trick, and a trick of no very high order. There are times, indeed, when his books appear more the result of labour than of talent.

Two major works which are failures, and a style which, although frequently splendid and always carefully polished, is not equal to the highest: if the work of Flaubert is marred by defects so considerable, we may well ask wherein his virtues as a writer lie. For Flaubert has virtues which enable him to stand comparison with any novelist of his century.

Very few writers—none perhaps—have equalled him as an ironist. Irony was the essence of Flaubert's spiritual development. Much has been written about the dual nature of the man—about the romantic who suffered while the realist wrote *Madame Bovary*, about the realist who withdrew while the romantic wrote *Salammbô*. The two tendencies alternated, and occasionally mixed (there is a realistic side to *Salammbô*, for example), and sometimes Flaubert appears as a romantic engaged in self-discipline, some-

times as a classic realist struggling with an acquired romanticism. The problem will doubtless never be solved completely, any more than Flaubert was able to solve it himself when he discussed his personality in a famous letter to Louise Colet.[1] But both tendencies, so opposed fundamentally, united in giving Flaubert's mind an ironic orientation. His irony is in the grand manner, and certainly belongs to the classical tradition of French literature, the tradition of the epigrammatists and *moralistes* of the seventeenth century. It is significant that the works of Flaubert which are still undisputably alive are his studies in realistic psychology. However, if we may tentatively suppose that the realist, or the *moraliste* (to employ a classical term), formed the basis of his personality, we are also obliged to admit that romanticism exercised an abiding effect upon his entire conception of literary art. From it he got his passion for lyricism and high colour and above all style—preoccupations in a sense foreign to the manner of La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, in whose work style and form are always subordinated to content. From it also he got that species of premature exhaustion which distinguishes so many of the enthusiasts of 1830. He lost his youth early. If his letters to Louise Colet were undated, who would suppose them written by a man between his twenty-fifth and thirtieth years? "It is curious how I was born with so little faith in happiness."[2] "I am old."[3] "I am not made for enjoying life."[4] "I am becoming very old."[5] "I have in my heart something of the green sweat of the Norman cathedrals."[6] "I was born bored; boredom is the leprosy that is devouring me."[7] This is a man writing to his mistress. It is not surprising that Madame Colet made scenes. Nor is the constant refrain the precocious bitterness of a *blasé* adolescent. It maintains itself throughout the entire eight volumes of the *Correspondance*, and crystallizes in hard prisms in the novels. Flaubert's books are the work of a very tired man. What saved him from the precócious sterility which overcame Alfred de Musset was a rediscovery of the classical virtues of temperance and order. At the decisive moment, the classical heritage stood him in good stead. "For my part, I am tired of great passions, exalted sentiments, furious loves and howling despairs," he wrote in 1846. "I like good sense above everything else, perhaps because I have none."[8] Boileau would certainly have approved. But while Flaubert might revolt against his youthful enthusiasms, they had left an indelible mark upon him. His conception of human nature, his judgment as a moralist, have a flavour quite distinct from those of seventeenth-century classicism. His pessimism alone is sufficient to show this. The *Grand Siècle*, too, was pessimistic, but it was a reasoned and ordered pessimism, based upon certain accepted dogmas—Jansenism, philosophical dialectic, the lessons of ancient literature, the Christian conception of the

[1]Letter of January 16, 1852 (*Correspondance*, II, 343-4). Quotations throughout this article are from the Conard edition of Flaubert's *Oeuvres complètes*.

[2]*Correspondance*, II, 201. [3]*Ibid.*, II, 230. [4]*Ibid.*, II, 231.
[5]*Ibid.*, IV, 398. [6]*Ibid.*, II, 410. [7]*Ibid.*, II, 410. [8]*Ibid.*, I, 433.

Fall of Man. It always recognized the necessities of human society, like Philinte in the play; it seldom became definitely anti-social. Flaubert's pessimism, on the contrary, has an edge of something very like hysteria. It is the dismay of a romantic, with all his love of art and lyricism, his contempt for the ordinary, suddenly confronted with *bourgeois* reality. It developed into a kind of nihilism, the pessimism of an idealist and a dreamer, disgusted to the point of terror, almost, by the drabness and stupidity of his contemporaries. And from this revolt against nineteenth-century reality, a revolt at once realistic and idealistic, romantic and classic, sprang his power as an ironist. He used irony as a weapon in his attack upon the contemporary world. It was a devastating weapon, combining the qualities of a machine-gun and a mine-detector; for it enabled him to discern unfailingly the shams of contemporary thought and morality. Balzac was often blinded by his enthusiasms; and Stendhal dramatized himself in his own heroes. But Flaubert was never deceived: had he been, *Salammbô* and *Saint-Antoine* would not be failures. He was incapable of writing such books successfully because he could never fool himself that he was in Carthage or the Thebaid. He was too self-conscious; he had too much of the *peur d'être dupe* to produce a satisfactory epic or a satisfactory historical novel. The romantic might hanker after the splendours of antiquity, but the realist intervened, and the results were fatal. Most successful historical novels are escapist, and that was one vice Flaubert could never indulge in. The great fabric of tone and colour collapsed under him like a pricked balloon; and nothing remained but the massive props accumulated at such pains.

Fortunately, the outcome was quite different when he turned back to the nineteenth century. What the romantic lost, the realist gained; and the irony which was responsible for the precocious mortality of *Salammbô* and *La Tentation* launched *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education sentimentale* into vigorous life, filled what might otherwise have been a hollow surface with the sap of Flaubert's judgment of the contemporary world. His irony has an integrity, an honesty, as uncompromising as the reaction of nitric acid on base metal. No stupidity, no spiritual blindness, can long survive its corrosive scrutiny: the picture he presents of the nineteenth century's failings is crystal clear, without a shade of sentimental ambiguity to distort it. *Madame Bovary*, *L'Education sentimentale*, and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* are profound analyses of modern civilization at a time of crisis—when the liberalizing philosophy of the democratic revolution was undergoing the test of application. Their nearest equivalents are the novels of Dostoyevsky. *L'Education sentimentale* is to *bourgeois* France what *The Possessed* is to Czarist Russia; and despite Dostoyevsky's profuse metaphysics, his book is scarcely more profound than Flaubert's. Flaubert did not reach this conception of the novel at a bound. His attachment to aesthetics kept him at the school of pure art for the first forty years of his life (he never emancipated himself from it completely, for that matter).

Saint-Antoine was perhaps his greatest literary passion, and *Trois Contes* are works of art in the aesthetic sense of the term. *Madame Bovary*, too, his first novel, is cast in the dramatic and tragic mould. But, after 1862, his conception of the novel began to alter. *Salammbô*, the "romantic" equivalent of *Madame Bovary*, appeared in that year. Henceforth, in spite of the perpetual *hantise* of *Saint-Antoine*, his books became more and more examinations of the nineteenth century; his heroes and heroines interested him less in themselves and more as manifestations of their age.

Manifestations of their age, but not mere functions of it—as are the characters of Zola. For while Flaubert's method is less disengaged from contemporary reality than the method of orthodox classicism, it remains none the less classical in its concentration upon the psychological scene. Its great difference from most previous examinations of human frailty lies chiefly in the direction of its attack. Flaubert examines spiritual vice less for the sake of pointing an abstract moral than to estimate its effects upon contemporary society. He bent a persistent analysis upon a fault which has been the besetting sin of most democratic thought since the eighteenth century, and which explains the frequent and terrible success that reactionary forces have been able to achieve. Each one of Flaubert's realistic books is an Odyssey of stupidity, and of a special kind of stupidity. The seventeenth century, and Balzac himself, had shown men blinded by passion and deforming reality through lust or avarice. But the spiritual vice of Harpagon or Hermione or Père Grandet is not sentimentally preposterous. It is simply a normal passion—even a legitimate passion—which has become abnormal through exaggeration. The spiritual vice of Flaubert's characters is less spectacular but more subtle and more destructive. It consists of that self-deception which refuses to see reality as it is, and insists upon viewing it through the lenses of a preconceived idea. It is, in short, *le bovarysme*, that complex state of mind which resulted from the cult of the individual—a cult fostered by both democratic theory and the romantic cultivation of the ego. All Flaubert's characters waste themselves in the labyrinths of a false ideal or the confusions of their own wilful self-deception. Emma Bovary and Frédéric Moreau, of course, are the outstanding examples. Both are doomed to failure, not because they rebel against the dullness and futility of their surroundings (the surroundings are dull and futile enough; Flaubert leaves no doubt of that), but because they pursue a false perfection. Emma's efforts to escape from the ugliness of her life are not at bottom reprehensible: as treated by Mauriac, a similar theme has become a study in the workings of Divine Grace. It is the sort of paradise she visualizes that is ridiculous. After each deception she accuses, not her ideals, but the cruelty of reality which had balked her. And finally, when her love for Léon evaporates and nothing remains but the gritty sediment of a humdrum adultery, her will and intellect have become so depraved, so weakened, that she is incapable of drawing a lesson from her experiences, of creating a new belief to replace the exploded one. "She was not happy,

never had been. From whence came this insufficiency of life, this sudden rottenness of the things upon which she leaned? . . . But, if there were somewhere a strong and beautiful being, a valorous nature, full at the same time of exaltation and refinements, a poet's heart beneath an angel's form . . . why, by some chance, should she not find him? Oh! what an impossibility! Nothing, for that matter, was worth the trouble of seeking; everything lied!"[9] And Frédéric, when the final disappearance of Madame Arnoux has left him in an emotional vacuum, has no resource but resignation to sterility. "He went out into society, and he had still other love-affairs. But the constant memory of the first one made them insipid to him; and besides, the violence of desire, the very flower of sensation, was lost. His spiritual ambitions had diminished likewise; years passed, and he was forced to put up with the idleness of his intelligence and the inertia of his heart."[10]

And behind these two protagonists of the Flaubertian world (to whom may be joined Bouvard and Pécuchet) looms a whole society suffering from the same defect. There are the reactionaries, men like M. Dambreuse and Fumichon and the Comte de Faverges, whose moral blindness leads them to subscribe to any system, however arbitrary, which will ensure their privileges. There are the socialists, of whom Sénécal is the type, with their savage ideology, anxious for a revolution because it will allow free rein to their ulcerated egotism and permit them to establish a dictatorship a thousand times more oppressive than the old. There are the sincere democrats like Dussardier, free, it is true, from any taint of selfishness, but condemned to frustration through the sentimentality of their ideals—love of humanity, of democracy, vague passions based upon nothing but undiscriminating zeal. There are the *bourgeois* like Homais and Madame Bordin and Martinon and countless others, terrified of both Right and Left, ready to prostitute themselves to the owners of power, timid, confused, and occasionally ferocious, the dry-rot of eighteenth-century idealism and the Rights of Man. And finally there is the people, a prey to demagogues and mountebanks, unstable as water, ignorant, given to stupid enthusiasm and wild endeavour, improvident as a child and as cruel. What a senseless confusion is the revolution of 1848 as Flaubert presents it! The folly and futility of it are on every page: the idiotic hatreds, the ridiculous street rioting, the chaotic shambles of the Tuileries when the mob sacks it after the flight of the King, the fatuity of the patriotic meeting over which Sénécal presides: it is all like a bad farce; and in historical retrospect it is impossible to deny that Flaubert was right.

His penetration, indeed, often has an uncanny accuracy. In 1869, before Mussolini, before Laval, he sketched, in Sénécal, the professional socialist who turns fascist for the sake of power. And certain scenes at the Hôtel Dambreuse, certain descriptions of the manoeuvres of the Comte de Faverges and his friends after 1848, show an almost incredible insight into

[9] *Madame Bovary*, 392. [10] *L'Education sentimentale*, 600.

the psychology of reaction. There is the timid ferocity of the plutocrats, their acceptance of a strong government at any price, their unhesitating preference of their own good to the good of France. We have had all this since in the explanations which Tabouis and Lévy and Lazareff and Pertinax and the others have furnished us of the catastrophe of 1940. When one considers what has happened in France and elsewhere since *L'Education sentimentale* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* were written, it is not difficult to see that these two books are fundamental works for whomsoever would understand our tormented age. Stupidity, as Flaubert describes it, has become a dynamic and corruptive force, the source of a rudderless egotism. The results can only be the destruction of a whole system of civilization, for the effects of this spiritual myopia have been extended from the individual to the period itself. Here are the Comte de Faverges's remarks upon Louis Napoléon's intervention in Italy to support the Pope:

"The abominable thing," said the Count, "is the spirit of 1789! First of all, people question God, then they discuss the government; and then comes liberty. Liberty of insults, revolt, enjoyment or rather pillage, so that religion and power should proscribe the independents and the heretics. Doubtless there will be a shriek of persecution, as if executioners persecuted criminals. . . . To sum up: there can be no state without God!—since the law cannot be respected unless it comes from above. And it is not a question of the Italians, but of which one will gain this battle: the Revolution or the Pope, Satan or Jesus Christ."[11]

Or this is a discussion in M. Dambreuse's drawing-room:

Those who were chatting . . . took up their discussion again. It now concerned poverty of which all the pictures, according to these gentlemen, were very much exaggerated. "However," Martinon objected, "misery exists, let us admit it! But the remedy depends upon neither science nor the government. It is purely an individual question. When the lower classes are willing to get rid of their vices, they will emancipate themselves from their poverty. Let the people be more moral, and it will be less poor!"

The majority of the men there had served at least four governments; and they would have sold France and the human race itself to guarantee their own fortunes, spare themselves a discomfort, a difficulty, or even through sheer baseness—instinctive adoration of force.[12]

Or here is a dispute at Bouvard and Pécuchet's luncheon party: "Everybody spoke at once. Foureau extolled the government, Hurel saw nothing worthwhile in life but landed property. The abbé Jeuffroy complained that religion was not protected. Pécuchet attacked the tax-system. Madame Bordin cried at intervals: 'For my part, I detest the Republic!' "[13]

The detection of these complicated shades of folly became almost an obsession with Flaubert in his later years. Zola has described how he used to collect examples of bad verse and declaim them to his friends; and his letters show what a Rabelaisian delight he took in the imbecilities he encountered in his varied reading. *Bouvard et Pécuchet* was to sum the whole matter up, was to be a kind of encyclopaedia of the loose thinking, false

[11] *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, 334-5.
[12] *L'Education sentimentale*, 339, 342.
[13] *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, 64.

ideals, and sluttish intellectualism of contemporary thought. It has become the fashion to cry out against this preoccupation as so much wasted effort. But was it? When *L'Education sentimentale* appeared, Cuvillier-Fleury, a representative critic of the time, reproached Flaubert with his undiscriminating attack upon all aspects of the period. "He lays hands on everything and he blights everything. He has a passion for lowering whatever is high, and for extinguishing whatever shines: science, talent, patriotism, independence, nobility, modesty, honestly-gained fortune, polite elegance, the great virtues as well as the small ones."[14] Alas! What if the science, the talent, the patriotism, *la fortune bien acquise*, and all the rest of it were false science, false talent, false patriotism, concealing beneath a specious surface an interior of folly and intellectual fraud? Flaubert saw clearly that the democratic ideals of the Revolution, based upon enlightenment, could only survive through enlightenment; and in the scene before him, intellectual probity was growing daily more corrupted. The Revolution, destroying the old allegiance to Church and King, had completed the work of the Renaissance and made man responsible, both for his success and failure, to himself alone. His ferocity and his obtuseness no longer had the excuse of original sin or divine right: they had assumed a new significance. If man failed, it was an indictment of human nature itself. The hopes of centuries failed with him, and the great upsurge of faith in human destiny became nothing but an illusion, doomed to frustration. *L'Education sentimentale* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* are records of that frustration. Flaubert stands exactly between two ages. On the one side he belongs to the humanist tradition of Voltaire and Gibbon, with their faith in reason and their contempt for fanaticism, on the other, to the line of pessimistic nihilists like Schopenhauer and Dostoyevsky, whose despair is simply the reasoned faith of the earlier age turned against itself by disillusionment and disgust. The failure of nineteenth-century French democracy, as Flaubert's analysis indicates, was both grotesque and tragic. It was grotesque through its shabby ineptitude; it was tragic, immeasurably, because of the huge issues involved and the condemnation such failure brought of the belief in human self-sufficiency. An aristocracy which represented nothing (not even the outworn privileges of the *ancien régime*); a *bourgeoisie* terrified of losing the precarious gains it had made in 1791 and 1830 and willing for anything in order to preserve them; a proletariat alternating between misdirected enthusiasm and violent empiricism: amidst these multiple extremes, what had become of the great ideals of the Revolution? They had been reduced to political footballs—excuses for class egoism or pretexts for party agitation. And the great principles without which the Revolution could not justify itself had been completely forgotten. "I don't believe," wrote Flaubert, "that 'free love, divorce, adultery, etc.,' are above every other consideration; I even believe that, if we are at present so low morally and politically it is because instead of following M. de Voltaire's highway, that

[14]Quoted in the Appendix of *L'Education sentimentale*, 694.

is to say the road of Justice and Right, we took Rousseau's paths which, through sentiment, have brought us back to Catholicism. If people had insisted upon Equity instead of Fraternity, we should be great!"[15]

It was one thing to indicate the remedy, however, and another to hope that it would be applied. Flaubert's penetrating eye discerned at once that the road was hopelessly blocked; and it was characteristic that he should have seen that stupidity was the fundamental cause of the obstruction—on the one side the stupidity of the reaction, on the other the stupidity of the masses. From the leftist groups, the Socialists, the Commune, he expected nothing. They merely wanted to replace one absolute by another. "I am more and more furious," he wrote, "with the modern reformers who have reformed nothing. All of them, Saint-Simon, Leroux, Fourier and Proudhon, are up to their necks in the Middle Ages; all of them (something no one has noticed) believe in Biblical Revelation."[16] The catastrophe of 1870 was a revelation to him of what the future held in store. It resulted directly from the combined obscurantism and foolhardy optimism of the previous half-century, and the sequel could only bring gigantic wars and a resulting decline in the general level of civilization. Events since Flaubert's death in 1880 have proved him a terribly exact prophet. His ruthless analysis of mankind's intellectual and moral failings no longer seems the result of an irritated sceptic's spleen. His books awaken persistent echoes in the contemporary world; history has given them a tragic patina which they certainly did not possess for their contemporaries, even the most discerning. "To listen to him," Zola tells us, "tomorrow was going to fail us, we were heading for a black abyss; and, when I affirmed my belief in the twentieth century, when I said that our huge scientific and social movement must end in a triumph for humanity, he looked at me fixedly with his big blue eyes, then shrugged his shoulders."[17] Contemplating the incredible ruin of that same twentieth century, we can now see that Zola's "faith" was simply loose thinking, and loose thinking of that same order of stupidity which Flaubert had so mercilessly satirized: *le bovarysme*, the sin of intellectual self-deception.

Writing shortly after Flaubert's death, Paul Bourget remarked that his example would retard for many years the barbarization of the French language. This expectation—or illusion, rather, for it was an illusion even then—has not been fulfilled; the dislike of literary form, and with it literary convention, has increased steadily from Bourget's day to ours, and the decline of Flaubert's reputation is part of the same tendency. This constant inability—or unwillingness—to understand a writer who spent such efforts upon style, precisely because he spent such efforts upon style, throws an inauspicious light upon modern aesthetics. Of course such tastes and distastes are in part the result of circumstance: our own certainly are. Who

[15] *Correspondance*, V, 384.
[16] *Ibid.*, V, 147-8.
[17] Zola, *Les Romanciers naturalistes*, 191.

nowadays can spend twenty years on a book, or ten, or five? Making a virtue of a necessity, we prize spontaneity above all other virtues, and excuse in its name any amount of slipshod artistry provided the result be free from the marks of the file. But there is a more sinister explanation. One of the signs of an age of decadence is the tendency shown by literature (and other art forms) to gravitate towards the opposite poles of the popular and the erudite. Thus in the later centuries of the Roman Empire we have the pantomime flourishing side by side with the intricate verbal puzzles of the poets; and so in our time the innumerable editions of *Anthony Adverse* and *Forever Amber* and *Gone with the Wind* stand on the same bookstalls with *Ulysses* and *Four Saints in Three Acts*. Flaubert's style, with its objective clarity, is too high for the one school, not high enough for the other; for the age of works which combined lucidity with profundity is rapidly disappearing, and what examples are still produced have already an almost archaic aspect.

Dislike of Flaubert's style, however, is after all a minor affair, and even an allowable prejudice, for his aestheticism certainly led him into some blunders. But how are we to explain modern criticism's obstinate refusal to perceive his value as a moralist? The reason is doubtless to be found in Flaubert's impersonality. He fits into no system. Most people have a large share of *bovarysme*. They resent a writer who refuses to take sides, who insists upon showing up the vice and folly of every party, who refuses to respect a single one of the comforting illusions with which mankind likes to drape a too stark reality. The attack of a Juvenal upon society is directed at such exaggerated forms of vice that we can be pleasantly titillated by his fury, safe in the knowledge that it does not, can not, apply to us. And the calm venom of a La Rochefoucauld, the mad venom of a Swift, while more general, are presented in epigrammatic form, and seem less actual to the present age. But Flaubert, endowed with all the evocatory powers of a great novelist, creates characters which resemble us too much to be denied. Frédéric Moreau and Emma Bovary and Dussardier and M. Dambreuse are moral obligations for which we are loath to assume responsibility. They represent an ideological impasse from which civilization can only emerge by a great effort of intellectual virtue; and great efforts of virtue, especially intellectual ones, have always been difficult and are perhaps more so now than ever before because of mankind's increasing triumphs over material obstacles. The immense progress of physical science during the past hundred and fifty years has produced a curious moral atrophy. Flaubert stood in relation to his time much as Thucydides and Tacitus stood to theirs: he was its intellectual conscience. And since our own period is heir to the nineteenth century, he stands in the same relation to us: the small voice of reason which strives to make itself heard above the tumult of platitude and intransigence. In an age of confused and violent beliefs, it is less arduous to accept one or other of the current nostrums, and close one's eyes to the result.

Flaubert, of course, could never close his eyes: he was cursed with a remorseless clairvoyance. His books reveal the struggle of a mind at grips with disintegration—disintegration of art, of thought, of belief. Here is one of the last great examples of the phenomenon in European literature, of a writer with sufficient faith in his art and his intellect to protest against the forces which must ultimately stifle both. One of the last great examples: for we feel that Proust and Thomas Mann (taking two writers who come within measurable distance of Flaubert) are involved in the disintegration, have become part of it, losing something of their clarity of perception and freedom of judgment in the process, and can only register its progress and describe its effects. Therein lay the justification of Flaubert's style. Its solid, marmoreal effects, its studied coldness, its unbending contours, set it down like a block of granite in the midst of the contemporary tumult, gave to its indictment of that sound and fury a double force. Already he seems a little larger than life: he could see the problems, could judge them; he was not overwhelmed; he had other resources than a futile escapism or a shrivelled scepticism. For despite his labours on style, and the unrepentant romanticism he loved to flaunt in order to embarrass the young naturalists, intellectual probity remained his great concern, and the lack of it in all his characters implied its existence and its necessity. He insisted upon viewing the scene around him as it was. If his art has aged somewhat —and there is little art that does not, after sixty years—the honesty of his spirit remains unimpaired. Few books reveal the modern mind to itself as do Flaubert's. They present a detailed analysis of the intellectualism of our time, with all its far-reaching ramifications. That this analysis was correct has been proved more than once in the past; whether the logical conclusion will also be demonstrated, and human intelligence proved a weathervane of folly, incapable of self-salvation and self-justification, the future alone can show. But as the future unravels itself, it confirms Flaubert more and more. The events of the last fifty years have already vindicated the judgment he passed on his age. And in the chaos of the present, when justice and lucidity are prized less and less, and literature has become an entertainment for the many or a baroque pastime for the few, his figure emerges from the past as the last of a heroic line, and his name seems to represent the endeavour of a great age that has disappeared forever.

A FRENCH LIFE OF POPE

W. L. MacDonald

THOSE who are at all familiar with Pope biography must be impressed with the sad state into which it had got and remained until Johnson's *Life of Pope* put it upon a sound basis. Contemporary lives of this poet, and indeed all the biographies up to Ruffhead's in 1769, were for the most part hack-work written to take advantage of some event which excited renewed interest in Pope's career.[1] The most extensive of these, "Squire" Ayre's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Pope*, in two volumes, was one of the sources to which the later biographers turned for information or misinformation about the poet's life; and from it they also learned the trick of eking out the meagre life with critical comments on the poems. The other sources were of course what the poet had said about himself in the *Correspondence*, the poems, and the notes.

For eighteen years after Pope's death readers had been awaiting the life promised by Warburton in his edition of 1751, and the biographers were in the habit of referring to this promise of the "Colossus-bully" of literature when they undertook to furnish the public in the meantime with an account of the poet. But when the "official" biography appeared it disappointed all the hopes which had been built upon Warburton's promise. The title-page of the *Life of Pope* which appeared in 1769 bore the name of Owen Ruffhead, a lawyer, but everyone seemed to know that it was written under Warburton's supervision. A reviewer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of May, 1769, complained that the *Life* contained nothing which was not already known from Warburton's notes and from the poet's *Correspondence*, and that it failed to collect from various publications details which should have been included.[2] Little attempt was made to keep the chronology straight; the biographical details were of the most meagre and too frequently were unreliable. Thus Pope's removal from Binfield *directly* to Twickenham is dated 1715.[3] This double error is a typical instance of Ruffhead's (or Warburton's) incuriosity about the poet's life. Apart from the fact that he has dated the change of residence incorrectly, he apparently knew nothing about the poet's sojourn at Chiswick on the banks of the Thames between his removal from Binfield and settling at Twickenham, that is, between the years 1716 and 1718. Ruffhead is not only inaccurate in his facts but sometimes misleads by what he omits to say, and he has swamped the biography in a deluge of critical remarks on the poems. This was the fine flower of Pope biography up to 1769. All were agreed that the book was a sorry performance.

With great profit to herself, English literature has gone to school to France for many lessons. It is to be regretted that recourse was not had to the neighbouring people for a lesson in the writing of biography—at least

[1] See George Sherburn, *The Early Career of Alexander Pope*, Introduction.
[2] *Ibid.*, 12. [3] Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, 197.

for a lesson in Pope biography. At this point it is instructive and refreshing to turn to the French language for an admirable, critical life of Pope. In 1753 there was printed *Oeuvres diverses de Pope, traduites de l'anglois*, and the translation was so popular that in 1763 a new edition was issued "augmentée de plusieurs pièces et la vie de l'auteur, à Amsterdam et à Leipzic." The biography, which is the point of interest here, occupies the first 215 pages of the first volume.

This work is a model, in form at least, of what a critical biography should be. The author carefully announces the sources from which he has drawn material: *Journal Britannique*, September, 1751, edited and presumably written by M. Maty; *Mémoires sur sa vie et ses écrits*, that is, Ayre's *Memoirs*, which he finds very confused; *L'idée de la poésie Angloise* "par M. l'Abbé Yart"; the poet's own works, of course, and above all his letters; and finally Warburton's first edition. Then we come upon the sentence which we have read so often in its English garb: "On tâchera cependant de faire connoître M. Pope, en attendant que son célèbre ami satisfasse pleinement a l'attente du public."[4]

It is very instructive to compare the chronology of this biography with, say, that of Mr. Butt's table prefixed to the Twickenham edition of Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, and to note how closely a similar table drawn up from the French life corresponds. Naturally, the sources being what they are, discrepancies occur. The French author, for example, on the poet's authority places the poem *Solitude* at 1700, when Pope was twelve years old, and the composition of the *Pastorals* at 1704, when the poet was sixteen. Modern biographers have learned to be wary of the poet's statements regarding the time of composition of the various poems. But after the date 1712, when the *Rape of the Lock* was first published, the chronology proceeds with remarkable accuracy. Some of the later discrepancies, for example the dating of the *Epistle to Bathurst* as 1732, are owing entirely to the use of the Old as against the New system of reckoning time. Again, the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* is placed at 1733 on the basis of what the poem says about Pope's mother, who, observes the French biographer, died in June, 1733, and who was obviously alive when the poem was written. Even Warburton (or Ruffhead) makes the same mistake.

In one case English biographers could have corrected a mistake which persisted until the nineteenth century if they had consulted the French life of Pope. Using the same sources as the Frenchman, the English biographers moved Pope and his family from Windsor Forest directly to Twickenham in 1716 (or 1715). The present account says that owing to the pressure of the laws directed against the Catholics after the battle of Preston in 1715 it became necessary for the poet to leave Windsor Forest "pour s'établir à Londres,"[5] and quotes the letter of June 22, 1716[6] (improperly dated 1717, he says, since it was obviously written with the Preston affair in mind), which speaks of the change of residence to the "banks of the Thames"—a reference which the English writers up to the time of

[4]Page 3. [5]Page 113. [6]Elwin-Courthope, VI, 373.

Dilke's articles in the *Athenaeum*, interpreted as Twickenham. The Frenchman does not mention the name of Chiswick, but he does say that Pope's father died during the period, in the year 1717, and continues, "Peu de tems après la mort de son père, M. Pope se ménagea une retraite agréable à Twickenham . . . , petit village sur la Tamise, à trois lieues de Londres."[7] He further quotes a letter to a "friend," December 12, 1718,[8] about the removal to the new place of residence.

The biographer, moreover, is skilful in making his comments on the various works the means of introducing interesting and necessary biographical material. One of many instances is the discussion of Pope's relations with Martha Blount. After speaking about *A Popp upon Pope*, which appeared during the war with the Dunces, and into which Miss Blount's name was suggestively introduced, the French writer takes the opportunity of defending the moral character of the poet, especially in his relations with the woman whose name is always linked with his own.[9] Again, having remarked upon the death of old Mrs. Pope in discussing the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, and before proceeding with the *Essay on Man*, which comes next in order, he pauses to write eloquently of Pope's relations with his mother, quoting freely from the poet's letters. A comment on the *Popiad* is used to introduce the process of the growth of the *Dunciad*. In the former poem, observes the biographer, Pope's enemies had combined to slander him because of enmity which dated back to his *Iliad*. This attributing of all sorts of trash to Pope and Swift was the ostensible reason for their publishing the *Miscellanies* in 1727.[10] Then follows the discussion of the "Bathos," the libellous articles in reply (his authority here is Ayre), then the first edition of the *Dunciad* in 1728, and the "new edition" of 1729. The facts involved in most of these linkings are stated accurately enough; but the question of the moment is not one of accuracy but of the art of writing a critical biography, and the Frenchman's method is in strong contrast to that of the English writers before Johnson.

It is not the purpose here to say anything about the quality of the criticism in the book. As a matter of fact it is of a high order and nearly always favourable to Pope. The *Oeuvres Diverses* was apparently the work of French Catholics, and generally these held their co-religionist in high esteem; yet this attitude does not prevent the writer from expressing some doubts as to the orthodoxy of a poet who could write the *Essay on Man*.

This French life of Pope is highly satisfactory from any point of view, but in comparison with contemporary English accounts of the poet its excellence is particularly evident. Fortunately the shabby performances which had issued from the pens of English biographers were soon to be swept into obscurity through the genius of one who, in the *Lives of the English Poets*, immeasurably raised the standard not only of Pope biography but of English biographical writing generally.

[7]*Oeuvres*, 130. [8]Elwin-Courthope, VIII, 26. [9]*Oeuvres*, 151-8.
[10]The date on the title-page. The actual date of publication was 1728.

REVIEWS

THE ATLANTIC COMMUNITY[1]

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

The recently signed loan agreement between Great Britain and the United States was followed by an outburst of transatlantic name-calling which took one back to the good old hearty days of the mid-nineteenth century, when Englishmen and Americans, having no serious worries about the rest of the world, felt no inhibitions in saying what they thought of each other. Nevertheless, everyone seems to recognize it as the beginning of some sort of collaboration between the two countries in the economic sphere similar to the collaboration in the political sphere which has marked their relations for the past generation. Some Anglophiles in the United States have of late been vigorously preaching the idea of an "Atlantic Community." According to their highly selective marshalling of past historical events this has really been in existence ever since President Monroe issued his famous state paper in 1823, though the British and American peoples were unaware of the fact. If this doctrine should win general acceptance in the English-speaking countries, its implications for the future of world international relations would be sinister. What is the probable future of the relationship between the two Anglo-Saxon powers, and how does Canada fit into it?

"Nothing," says Mr. Sumner Welles in his introduction to Professor Brinton's volume,[2] "would prove to be more fatally destructive of our hopes for world peace than for the Anglo-Saxon powers to create an Anglo-Saxon bloc for the purpose of dominating or 'ganging-up' on other nations. But a partnership between the United Kingdom and the United States for the purpose of making it possible for the World Organization to function successfully can greatly speed the attainment of that objective." Whether the British and American peoples have the intelligence and imagination to give this lead to the rest of the world is the most important question in world politics that faces us today.

The interest of Canada in this question is too obvious to need discussion. Our favourite Canadian conception of ourselves as the interpreter between

[1] *North Atlantic Triangle: the Interplay of Canada, the United States and Great Britain.* By JOHN BARTLET BREBNER. New Haven: Yale University Press [Toronto: Ryerson Press]. 1945. Pp. xxii, 386. ($5.50)

The Big Three. By DAVID DALLIN. New Haven: Yale University Press [Toronto: Ryerson Press]. 1945. Pp. ix, 292. ($7.50)

The United States and Britain. By CRANE BRINTON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1945. Pp. xii, 305. ($2.50)

America's Place in the World. By NATHANIEL PEFFER. New York: Viking Press [Toronto: Macmillan]. 1945. Pp. x, 236. ($3.50)

America's Stake in Britain's Future. By GEORGE SOULE. New York: Viking Press [Toronto: Macmillan]. 1945. Pp. viii, 232. ($3.50)

[2] This volume is the first of a series on American foreign policy edited by Sumner Welles.

the British and the Americans is as naive and adolescent as the idea of most Americans that "America" gives a lead to the rest of the world by her high moral standards, her disinterestedness and benevolence in world affairs. A truer figure to describe our part in past Anglo-American relations would be that of the little brother who makes a nuisance of himself by tagging on behind the big boys when they go off for a ball game on the corner-lot and who has to be pacified by being allowed to field stray balls behind the catcher's box. But we have now outgrown the little-boy stage. We are now a member of one of the teams in the World Series.

Of the books listed in this review, Professor Brebner's stands out by itself. The other four are all books for the present moment, written to inform and influence American opinion in the present critical post-war period. Professor Brebner's is the final volume in the great Carnegie series on the relations of Canada and the United States which has been in course of publication over the last ten years. It sums up and interprets the results of the other twenty-four volumes.

"My primary aim," he says in his preface, "was to get at and to set forth the interplay between the United States and Canada—the Siamese Twins of North America who cannot separate and live. By interplay I do not mean merely the manifestations in what are usually called international relations, but the various kinds of things which the peoples of the two countries did in common, or in complementary fashion, or in competition. . . . The great obstacle to a simple account of this interplay was that many of those activities could not be explained in merely North American terms. Most notably of all, the United States and Canada could not eliminate Great Britain from their courses of action, whether in the realm of ideas, like democracy, or of institutions, or of economic and political processes. And since the United States attained nationhood by rebellion against Great Britain, and Canada by gradual growth within the British Empire, not only were their responses to the mother country usually sharply contrasted but their understandings of each other were habitually warped."

Professor Brebner has achieved his purpose brilliantly. His study is illuminating and suggestive in every chapter, and this can be truly said of it whether the reader is a specialist historian or one of the general intelligent public. Specialists might object that he pauses unduly over certain events and passes over others too rapidly, but no one could question his authoritative knowledge or the artistic skill with which he has organized his facts so as to make his main points stand out clearly. And on every few pages there are interesting little examples of characteristic Brebnerian special information which light up the general analysis.

The main criticism of his book is that it is one-sided in two different ways. Like the series of which it is the crowning volume it is mainly concerned with economic processes. It is an economic interpretation of the history of North America. It works out in great detail the joint processes by which the two halves of the continent were settled and developed as economic communities; it explains North Americans by the ways in which they make their livings; and it explains their political relationships with Great Britain chiefly from the economic point of view. This is the field in which the most fruitful work in Canadian history has been done during

the past twenty years. But Professor Brebner has nothing much beyond general remarks about the political idea of democracy and the different courses which the development of political democracy took in the two countries, about education, religion, law, and related subjects, and about the political and social ideas of the French Canadians. American historians have been doing brilliant work in American intellectual history during recent years, but the neighbouring Canadian field is still largely uncultivated. And while the Carnegie series is officially a Canadian-American project, most of the work in it, and nearly all the best work, has been done by Canadian or Canadian-born historians. The one-sidedness of our historical interest in this country is reflected in Professor Brebner's synthesis.

The other aspect of this one-sidedness appears in the treatment of the British corner of the North Atlantic triangle. Canada and the United States are studied from inside, but Britain functions only as a rather shadowy third person. Of course the reason for this is that the book is one of a series devoted to Canadian-American relations. However the result is a certain degree of distortion. A historical study of Britain in the nineteenth century would emphasize that North America on the whole was for the British only a distraction from more pressing and vital interests in Europe, Asia, and Africa. British democracy resulted primarily from forces within the British Isles which had no very close connection with the forces that were making a markedly different type of democracy in North America. From a great many points of view the North Atlantic triangle is an artificial creation of historical specialists. But of course all the concepts used by social scientists represent an artificial framework imposed by the scientist for his own purposes upon the confusion of historical events.

How unfamiliar the Brebner-Carnegie framework is to Americans in general and to American students of politics in particular is shown by the other four books listed in this review. None of the other authors when analyzing American foreign policy and Anglo-American relations makes more than an occasional passing reference to Canada. They are all apt to slip into the habit of saying "America" when they mean "the United States"; and Professor Peffer says "America" nearly all the time. Mr. Dallin, pointing out that little powers are constantly climbing up to the position of great powers, proceeds to mention Australia and South Africa as countries which have a more significant role to play in their part of the world than belongs to mere small powers, but never mentions Canada in this connection at all. Professor Brinton remarks casually that "if the United States and Great Britain should fall into outright rivalry in a world of blocs and power politics, we should certainly be driven to attempt the capture of some of the Dominions—not necessarily of course their annexation—but their assimilation into a power bloc dominated by the United States." And he adds that "Canada is so near us that, though the attempt would be bitterly resisted in some quarters there, it could hardly fail." After which two sentences he returns to the really important problems

between Britain and the States. Mr. Soule, in a penetrating analysis of British-American economic interrelationships, pays practically no attention to Canada. One is impressed here again, as always in reading or listening to American discussions, by their blissful unconsciousness of the impact of their actions upon their northern neighbours. All Americans, including American professors and intellectuals, bubble over with goodwill towards us Canadians, but they all assume that goodwill is a sufficient substitute for understanding. The chief problem underlying Canadian-American relations is that Americans never think about the subject, whereas Canadians are always thinking about it, brooding about it, writing books about it, and fighting elections about it. Professor Brebner's book will no doubt be chiefly read in Canada, but it needs chiefly to be read in the United States.

The other four books cannot, however, be praised too highly for the clear incisive analyses which they provide of the problems facing the United States in her foreign policy. No doubt Professor Brinton has already by this time been denounced by the Chicago *Tribune* for having produced exactly the kind of pro-English propaganda that might be expected from a Rhodes scholar: he devotes so much of his book to showing what a human people the British are. And he has, perhaps, absorbed a little too much of the sweet reasonableness of the English governing classes. He seems to have an undue suspicion of "leftist doctrinaires"; and at the end of his book, when giving suggested reading material, after mentioning the Manchester *Guardian* and the *New Statesman*, he advises his readers to choose between the *Times Weekly* and the *Spectator*. Leftist doctrinaires would say that this is a give-away of his own prepossessions. Mr. Soule, who belongs frankly on the left, obviously thinks that Britain is more likely to solve her economic problems through the programme of state intervention on which both her parties are agreed than is his own country to solve her problems. His book, which is confined to economic questions, gives the clearest analysis that this reviewer has come across of the various points on which Britain and the United States tend to disagree. He explains why the British are afraid that American commercial and financial policies at home and abroad are likely to have the effect in a few years of exporting unemployment and of plunging the world into another depression.

Messrs. Peffer and Dallin will not be accused of being pro-British. They are both deeply impressed with the continuing drive of British imperialism in all parts of the world. Mr. Dallin sees an expansionist imperialism as inherent in the politics of all the great powers, though Soviet Russia tends to be his chief villain. His powerful analysis destroys the sentimental idealism to which we are prone on this continent; and it is difficult to escape the conclusion, after reading him, that the United Nations will only serve as a front behind which this imperialist power politics will continue to dominate the world. Professor Peffer is mainly concerned with persuading his countrymen to resolve upon a genuine United Nations policy in place of their old isolation, of the new isolationist imperialism to which many of

them are tempted, and of the Anglo-American-bloc type of imperialism of which he is as fiercely critical as any America First-er. Intellectuals are fond of classification which makes for clarity of argument. But one suspects that American foreign policy is likely to be an unholy mixture of isolation, America First imperialism, Anglo-American bloc, and United Nations internationalism. And American statesmen, like those of other countries, will at any given moment present their particular American mixture to the world as a steady, untiring pursuit of the ultimate ideal of world government.

TIME AND *PARADISE LOST**

A. S. P. Woodhouse

While Milton was universally conceded to be the second name in English poetry, its Virgil as surely as Shakespeare was its Homer, his life and the political circumstances of his time were the object of the most painstaking research, but there was nothing comparable to the critical exploration and the effort to evaluate which have gone on in the last quarter of a century when his position of pre-eminence has been challenged. With his usual hostility to those who cannot be wrested into some appearance of agreement with his own preconceptions, Mr. Stoll has condemned the "new Miltonians" as a set of parasites and sandblind pedants. I am not quite sure whom he includes in his wholesale attack; for his references are none of the most specific, and there is in general a good deal more heat than light in his article. Perhaps it would not be very profitable to inquire since he tells us that he is "not well read . . . in recent Milton criticism and scholarship." Suffice it to remark that, on any definition, the new Miltonians are a varied group, that their cumulative learning is very impressive, that by their variety and learning they furnish (usually good-tempered) correction one to another, and that in fact Milton criticism is in a far more vigorous and healthy state today than it has ever been before.

To make good this claim one would have to go to the learned journals and special studies and follow the work of Mr. A. H. Gilbert, Mr. Merritt Y. Hughes, and Miss Marjorie Nicolson, of Mr. Harris Fletcher (Milton's text, and his Semitic studies), Mr. W. R. Parker (*Samson Agonistes*, the chronology of Milton's poetry, his reputation), Mr. G. C. Taylor (his use of Du Bartas), Mr. Arnold Williams (his relation to the Commentaries on

**Milton, Man and Thinker* [2nd. edition, revised]. By Denis Saurat. London: J. M. Dent. [1944]. Pp. xiv, 291. ($4.50)

From Virgil to Milton. By C. M. Bowra. London: Macmillan. 1945. Pp. vii, 248. ($5.00)

Paradise Lost in Our Time: Some Comments. By Douglas Bush. Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press. 1945. Pp. ix, 117. ($2.00)

Hero or Fool? A Study of Milton's Satan. By G. Rostrevor Hamilton. London: Allen and Unwin [Toronto: Nelson]. 1944. Pp. 43. (70c.)

E. E. Stoll, "Give the Devil His Due" (*Review of English Studies*, XX, 1944, 108-24).

Genesis), Mr. Maurice Kelley and Mr. Arthur Sewell (the *De Doctrina* and *Paradise Lost*), Mr. Laurence Babb (*Il Penseroso*), Mr. Tillyard (the Companion Pieces, *Comus*, *Lycidas*), Miss Finney (Milton and drama), Messrs. Whaler and Ross (Milton's imagery), Messrs. Haller, Fink, Barker and Wolfe (his political thought and his relation to the Puritan Revolution). These are some of the new Miltonians who are adding to the work of the great pioneers, Hanford, Greenlaw, Grierson, and Saurat. But the vigorous state of Milton studies can be fairly accurately gauged by the more popular works considered below, if to these are added Mr. Lewis's *Preface* and Mr. Charles Williams's Introduction (already reviewed in our pages) and the criticism, as opposed to the polemic, of Mr. Stoll himself—for no account of the Miltonians would be complete without him.

M. Denis Saurat's volume is a second edition of the most influential book on Milton written in the twentieth century. There is no Miltonian who would deny it that title, and perhaps hardly one who would not utter a caveat against its preconceptions and many of its findings. The new edition does nothing to remove the necessity for this: it modifies no position formerly taken up, and ignores the work (and the objections) of other scholars. Milton is still among the Cabbalists, to be explained (with Spenser, Blake, Victor Hugo, Walt Whitman, et al.!) by reference to the *Zohar*. M. Saurat repeats his incredible proposition that the key to Milton's metaphysic and theology is found in the words,

> Evil into the mind of God or man
> May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
> No spot or blame behind;

so that creation and the natural history of man and his world are the result of the segregation of the evil (or more strictly the fallible) elements latent in the Infinite. Two and a half lines in all his voluminous writings, in a speech delivered by the as-yet-uninstructed Adam to Eve, on the subject of dreams! What a place for Milton to deposit the key to his meaning—in fact under the door-mat! But of course the lines do not refer to the Deity at all and so cannot bear M. Saurat's esoteric interpretation, though this is somewhat concealed by his tampering with the capitals. Milton wrote "God or Man"; that is, angel or man, *god* being a common synonym for angel, employed in *Paradise Lost* and commented upon in the *De Doctrina*. Evil must be approved by an intellectual being, angel or man, before sin can be imputed to him: this is all that Adam is saying. Nor has M. Saurat retreated from his former position on the much-discussed question of the "retraction." In his *Study of Milton's Christian Doctrine* (1939), Mr. Arthur Sewell averred that the disputed passage, *Paradise Lost*, VII, 168-73, "requires an interpretation precisely opposite to Professor Saurat's," and the present reviewer remarked that in *The Mosaical Philosophy* of Robert Fludd the true Miltonic "retraction," the opposite of M. Saurat's, is found. M. Saurat now adds largely to his treatment of Fludd, but with no effort to meet this obstinate fact. But what are facts to him in comparison with

theories! It is the more provoking in these instances because there is some real ambiguity in Milton's handling of the problem of evil, and some obscurity in the whole question of the retraction, which deserved a more sober treatment.

Whatever of value M. Saurat had to say on Milton—and it was not little—was said in the first edition of his book. To him remains a chief part of the credit for initiating the new study of Milton's thought, which Mr. Stoll deplores; and his perception of the attitude of Milton towards Satan—an attitude compounded of insight and hostility because Satan represents elements in the poet's own thought and character which he recognizes and repudiates—remains, if they will make it so, a permanent acquisition for critics of *Paradise Lost*, though they ought to observe as a corollary of M. Saurat's contention what he himself has overlooked, that the arguments of Satan are not to be taken as Milton's own but rather as plausible but incomplete or erroneous inferences from his principles, which he likewise repudiates. Thus modified, M. Saurat's perception goes far to dispose of the question dear to the heart of romantics, whether in one way or another Satan is not the hero of *Paradise Lost*.

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Charles Williams have recently ridiculed this notion, declaring that Satan is the arch-egoist, in rebellion not only against God, but against fact, no hero but a nice combination of villain and fool. In reply, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Stoll have sprung to Satan's defence and demanded that we give the devil his due. Mr. Hamilton's is a temperate plea, which finds its point of departure in Raleigh's remark: Satan's "very situation as the fearless antagonist of Omnipotence makes him either a fool or a hero, and Milton is far indeed from permitting us to think him a fool." Considered in the abstract, says Mr. Hamilton, even by the untheological reader today, and how much more by Milton and his contemporaries, Satan represents evil unalloyed. "But Satan in imagination differs from Satan in idea.... When we try to imagine him, all kinds of elements—foolish, virtuous, heroic, human—begin to enter in." So it is with the reader and so it was with Milton.

> There is only one way to explain Milton's attitude. When he allows free scope to his imagination, he presents us with an evil figure of real magnificence, in whom the great vices, though dominant, are shot through with great and substantial virtues. But the stern moralist [in Milton] ... clings tenaciously to his preconceived moral ideas: they are not dissolved in the stream of his imagination, but continue to stand out in their original hardness like rocks from the sea. If this is so, if Milton's purpose is at odds with his imagination, it is certainly from the latter that we should form our judgment of Satan. For Milton the poet is inexpressibly greater and more comprehensive than Milton the moralist, and it is only the imagination that makes Satan triumphantly alive.

On this far-too-easy assumption Mr. Hamilton proceeds to examine Milton's treatment of Satan—far-too-easy because in sober truth there are not two Miltons but one, who is both poet and moralist. It is the merit of M. Saurat's suggestion (which Mr. Hamilton, quite mistakenly, rejects because it treats *Paradise Lost* merely "as a moral document") that it

resorts to no such critical fiction. And indeed, having derived what advantage he can from the two Miltons, Mr. Hamilton abandons it himself: "The cleavage does not amount to a split personality. For, short of complete harmony, the two sides can and do work together, and *then only do we have in a full sense Milton the poet*. . . . Were it not for the moral severity the chief glories of the poem could never have been achieved." Mr. Hamilton has phrased our objection for us, leaving only the italics to be added.

Mr. Stoll has been less obliging. Frankly, his argument defies our powers of summary. To us he seems an admirable literary critic but an indifferent controversialist, who cannot abstain from controversy. In his hands the principle that art is one thing, life and thought another, becomes a sort of magic formula which allows all holds to him while barring most holds to his opponents. In the circumstances it is not very surprising if, like the Russians, they fail to surrender according to rule when Mr. Stoll has surrounded them. But in literary criticism the principle, despite its limited validity, affords a point of view from which much that is suggestive may be said: witness "From Superhuman to Human in *Paradise Lost*," surely one of the best critical essays on Milton ever written. And there are hints amid the smoke of battle of an essay on the place of Satan as epic antagonist *in the poem*, the Hector of *Paradise Lost*. That essay we wish Mr. Stoll would write; for no one would do the theme such justice as he.

To *Paradise Lost* as an epic Mr. Bowra recalls us in his useful volume *From Virgil to Milton*. He supplements Mr. Lewis's brilliant chapters on the classical epic, furnishes the account of Virgil best adapted to the needs of the student of Milton and adds studies of two of Milton's epic predecessors in the Renaissance, Tasso and Camoens. On *Paradise Lost* itself he has little that is new to impart and is by comparison rather disappointing; but there is value in the effort to view Milton's epic as standing in a living tradition, in relation, that is, not to Virgil merely but to others who, like Milton, derived part of their inspiration from the *Aeneid*. While his concern is primarily with literary history and literary criticism in the limiting sense of the adjective, Mr. Bowra does not hesitate to refer to Milton's experiences, his personality and even his thought—a subject on which, it must be admitted, he is not invariably well informed. From the controversies of scholars and critics he stands aloof.

Not so Professor Bush. Two critics have independently raised their voices in Milton's defence against his detractors: Mr. C. S. Lewis in his commentary on *Paradise Lost*, Mr. Bush in his systematic judgment of the reaction against Milton. Both have earned their right to speak, the one for English, the other for American scholarship, by their learning and their brilliant contributions to Renaissance studies; and among scholars they are peculiarly fitted to address the general reader because of their skill in exposition and argument and their charm of style. Nor are they, like too many specialists, insensitive to the currents of thought and feeling, ethical

and aesthetic, of their own day, or unwilling to deal faithfully with them. To the poetry of Mr. T. S. Eliot both respond, and (though in different measure) to his moral and religious thought: Mr. Lewis speaks almost as a disciple, Mr. Bush as the most friendly of critics. But they hold that in his estimate of Milton, Mr. Eliot has been mistaken and has afforded leadership to the motley crew of anti-Miltonians who, if they ever paused to consider their mutual differences, would have little time left to advance the common effort against Milton. With Mr. Eliot, Professor Bush deals at length, and with these others more summarily, as is fitting.

In his first chapter, "The Modern Reaction against Milton," he also makes clear the purpose of the "ensuing defence by exposition" of *Paradise Lost*. On his own point of view he leaves us in no doubt: he judges poetry in part by the worth of its content, of the view of life stated or implied, and its relevance to the human situation in which the reader finds himself. He is thus safeguarded against the superficiality of diagnosis and futility of defence which marked Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith's *Milton and his Modern Critics* (1940). Naturally, then, the second chapter, commencing the exposition, is devoted to Milton's "Religious and Ethical Principles." Naturally also, Mr. Bush emphasizes Milton's adherence to traditional Christian doctrines and values (for which Mr. Eliot, in avowed intention at least, stands). But it is possible, as Mr. Bush recognizes, to be more precise: in his reaction against Calvinism and voluntarism Milton belongs to the great tradition of the Christian rationalists and humanists, the tradition of Erasmus, Hooker and the Cambridge Platonists. If Milton is mistaken or irrelevant, then so are they. This is true and required to be said; for under the influence of M. Saurat and others we are in some danger of forgetting that Milton's "heresies" are modifications of the Christian scheme, not repudiations of it. Yet I doubt whether it was good tactics of Mr. Bush to pass over the "heresies" in silence; and in a fuller treatment of Milton they cannot be ignored. The third chapter, "Characters and Drama," turns to counter the charges that Milton generally fails to achieve human interest, and that in the one instance where he succeeds it is at the cost of heroizing Satan. Here the defence by exposition gives us some fresh and perceptive literary criticism for which every disinterested reader of the poem will be grateful. And so likewise does the final chapter on "The Poetical Texture" of *Paradise Lost*.

That Mr. Bush has carried his defence of Milton to a triumphant issue we have no doubt at all. This is the perfect antithesis to the thesis of Mr. Eliot and his followers. In four lectures, it would be unreasonable, and ungracious, to ask for more. Yet beyond thesis and antithesis there lies the problem of synthesis. What is it in Milton as well as in the twentieth century (and, for that matter, the nineteenth and eighteenth, too) that has made for misunderstanding? Is there some peculiarity in Milton's thought, in his religious experience, in his sensibility, which has conspired with the Time Spirit, first to have him praised for the wrong things, and then with

the advancing years blamed? This too is part of the larger question of *Paradise Lost* in our time.

The best hope of an answer lies in the vigorous scholarly and critical activity manifested in the works we have reviewed and in those other studies which stand in serried ranks behind them.

CANADIAN ARMY, 1939-1945[1] ERNEST SIRLUCK

When the history of the Canadian army in the war just ended comes to be written, it will constitute not the least striking chapter in the long chronicle of warfare. For a virtually unarmed democracy of less than twelve millions, the military and industrial effort mounted by Canada during those six years seems, even in retrospect, most improbable; and of this effort the most significant and dramatic portion, even with all justice done to the indispensable work of the Navy and Air Force, was carried by the Army. It may serve as a gauge to its stature to recall that it was Cdn Army[2] which was selected for the critical Battle of the Rhineland; and for that campaign (in which HQ Second British Army had no part) enough divisions were placed at General Crerar's disposal to give him not only very much the greatest command ever held by a Canadian, but one comparable to the largest army commands of any nation.

Qualitatively, too, Cdn Army established its reputation very firmly. Its gallantry and ability need no catalogue of engagements as testimonial —although a most impressive battle-roll is available to the historian. But gallantry and ability were not uncommon among the formations of SHAEF, as its record suggests. It was perhaps most for successful innovation and ready adaptability to varying conditions that Cdn Army came to be distinguished. As a formation, it took to the new as one of its DUKWs[3] took to water. The pioneer work in the techniques of combined operations on a large scale, of *polder*[4] fighting, of the crossing of a defended water-obstacle in strength, of the use of mechanized flame-throwers to provide support and cover for a large assaulting force: these and many other achievements in method lend a flavour of inventiveness that makes the story of the Canadian army a highly individual one.

[1] *Gauntlet to Overlord: the Story of the Canadian Army*. By Ross MUNRO. Toronto: Macmillan. 1945. Pp. 477. ($3.00)

[2] This abbreviation represents the formation entitled First Canadian Army, while the unabbreviated form signifies the aggregate Canadian ground forces. Similarly, the official military abbreviations are used to designate specific subordinate formations, e.g., 5 Cdn Armd Div (for Fifth Canadian Armoured Division); when the reference is not to a specific formation, the words are not abbreviated, e.g., "a Canadian division."

[3] An amphibious transport vehicle.

[4] Low reclaimed land, maintained by dykes and readily inundated; common in parts of Belgium and Holland.

Gauntlet to Overlord[5] does not quite provide that story, but it makes a good start. Mr. Munro is a good reporter, and, when his imagination is fired, writes well. He has been in an admirable position to observe the Canadian army in action: he came to England in September, 1940, and was with the Canadians at Spitsbergen, Dieppe, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Normandy, and through Northwest Europe; he is a keen observer and an indefatigable worker.

The structure of his book is unconventional and perhaps rather unfortunate. After a brief introductory summary of the role of the Canadian army throughout the war, the book opens with the preparations for D-Day and works through to the end of the war in Europe (Chapters I-X, inclusive). With Chapter XI, it reverts to the early days of the war, to the arrival of the first Canadians in England, their training through the period of the "phony war," the impact upon them of the *débâcle* of Northwest Europe, the (mercifully) abortive efforts to bring them to grips with the enemy before Dunkirk, the period of tense preparation for a German invasion that never came, the long deadly monotony of training while the Canadian army was building up to its full size. The book then chronicles the Spitsbergen raid and the Dieppe operation; then the shift in direction: the despatch of a few hundred Canadians to North Africa for experience, the use of one Canadian division and an armoured brigade in the Battle of Sicily and the assault on Italy, the addition of another division and a corps HQ for the rest of the Battle of Italy, and the story of that battle to January, 1945, when 1 Cdn Corps left Italy to join 2 Cdn Corps in Cdn Army's last months of fighting in north Holland and Germany. This organization of his material gives Mr. Munro's book the obvious advantages of a dramatic opening, but the price is a lack of cumulative effect and a certain failure of proportion.

The story of the Normandy invasion to the capture of Falaise is much the best part of the book. Mr. Munro has captured the tense atmosphere of Britain during the winter and spring before D-Day, when the skilful war of nerves fought by the Allied High Command was almost as hard on us as on the enemy. With him, we review the long and arduous special training of the assault forces, in which the techniques of combined operations were developed and perfected. He suggests something of the fearful expectancy with which many senior officers learnt of the return of Montgomery to England, and one hears once again the clangour of brass hats falling one after another. One wonders a second time at the secrecy in which scores of thousands of veteran troops returned to Britain. The rhythm steadily quickens: the air assault on Europe is stepped up and up; army formations concentrate in their respective areas; new equipment pours in; leaves are cancelled; vehicles and weapons are waterproofed; supplies from the last pre-invasion convoys are rushed to the assault units;

[5] "Gauntlet" is the code-name for the Spitsbergen operation, "Overlord" for the final France-Germany operation.

formations move to their embarkation points; the ships are loaded; final briefings are given; D-Day is to be 5 June, H-Hour 7:00 A.M. . . . Then comes the sickening let-down: weather impossible; twenty-four hour postponement. Rumours pluck at the resolution of the troops: the enemy has learnt of our plans; there will be no invasion. . . . The weather remains grim all night, but in the morning the wind falls a little. Will "They" risk it? . . . Late afternoon the signal is sent, and the greatest and most heterogeneous of armadas moves out into the Channel.

In the grey light of pre-dawn, the Normandy coast becomes visible. The navy jockeys its ships into position as steadily and methodically as if this were a rehearsal. Then the air forces go to work on the coastal area. The sea bombardment begins. Then the first wave of the assault goes in: over the tide-water obstacles, through the beach obstacles, and onto the shore; and at once the overall pattern which had been so meticulously preserved until this moment appears to be swallowed in chaos. For two full hours it is impossible to tell what is happening; and then the wonderful truth begins to emerge: the beach defence system has been penetrated, a beach-head established. General Keller commits his reserve brigade; the beach organization goes ashore; divisional HQ follow. The Canadian orders: go through and keep going; by-pass resistance; never mind your flanks; the British will take Caen; you get across the Caen-Bayeux highway.

By nightfall, the Canadian infantry had penetrated eight or nine miles inland in several places. But the British did not take Caen. SS troops had been rushed in to reinforce the sagging defence units. And then the counterattacks began, growing steadily more powerful and determined. Canadian orders were changed: consolidate; hold the beach-head. The cost of carrying out these new orders is told in names like Bretteville, Putot-en-Bessin, Villons-les-Buisson, Authie. The narrow space became inadequate to contain the buildup. The Canadians were ordered to secure elbow-room for the beach organization. The bloody purchase of ground included the Douvres radar station, Buron, Gruchy, Carpiquet. The attrition phase followed. Montgomery said, "Our business is to kill Germans. Caen is as good a place to do it as any." At dawn, July 8, the Canadian and British troops assaulted; the next day Caen fell.

Meanwhile, thanks to the amazing achievement of "Mulberry," the buildup had been very rapid. 2 Cdn Div had taken the field; it now cleared to the Orne River at Louvigny, and crossed the Orne below Caen. A new plan emerged. Montgomery had observed how sensitive the enemy was to any advance in this area, and rightly appreciated that Falaise was the lynch-pin of the German defensive system in Normandy. He now reasoned that if he could make the threat to Falaise critical, he would draw away some of the armour confronting the Americans to the west, and General Bradley would then be able to mount a decisive right-flanking hook. On July 25, 2 Cdn Corps launched its disastrous first attack toward Falaise. Not all the brilliance and gallantry of those awful days can disguise the

failure of that ambitious operation. The enemy was indeed going to defend Falaise with his main strength. Whether the fearful cost of May-sur-Orne, Fontenay, Verrières (the sole significant gain of the attack), Rocqancourt, Tilly, and Bourguebus was justified in the event is debatable. Mr. Munro does not express an opinion. The present reviewer believes that the larger object, that of preventing the Germans from reinforcing the American front, had to be achieved at any price.

With the lessons of this first effort available, General Crerar, whose Cdn Army HQ had now become operational, put the emphasis upon weight and armour in the second attack. 4 Cdn Armd Div joined the Canadian divisions already operational, as did 1 Polish Armd Div and two British infantry divisions. 2 Cdn Div began the attack brilliantly on the night of 7-8 August. Unfortunately, the second phase, which was to have begun at first light on the eighth, was delayed when 4 Cdn Armd Div, 1 Polish Armd Div, and 3 Cdn Div were hit just after dawn by American heavy bombers who mistook their targets. The reorganization was rapid, however; the roads were cleared and the attack went in with good initial success. Opposition grew steadily heavier, but the momentum of the attack was maintained until 11 August, by which day very significant gains had been made. The last effort to keep the attack moving was made at Hill 195 by 4 Cdn Armd Div, where a battle group consisting of a regiment of armour and a battalion of infantry was almost entirely lost. After this the attack stopped and reorganized. On 14 August it was renewed. There was a grim repetition of being bombed by our own air support, this time by heavies of the R.A.F.; nevertheless, the push got under way, and after the fiercest fighting, 2 Cdn Div got into Falaise, 4 Cdn Armd, 3 Cdn Div, and the Poles into Trun and Chambois. The gap between the Americans and the Canadians was closed, and for four days and three nights every available land and air weapon was kept busy about the execution of the German Seventh Army. It is hard to believe that Dead Horse Alley will ever lose the stench of mortality.

From this point Mr. Munro's report is less satisfactory. He covers the ensuing pursuit to the Seine, and the crossing of that river, in a hurried four or five pages. "Pursuit" is a cold, if correct, word. The term universally employed by the troops is more expressive: "rat-race." It would have been worth spending a little time describing the rat-race. Canadians have done it only once on a large scale. Mr. Munro might have told us what happens when each division is given an axis of advance and a single road, and moves along that one road at the rate of 50, 60, 75 kilometers a day for a fortnight. Enemy rearguards fight delaying actions at every water-obstacle, every defilade. The whole vast column stops until the forward elements have cleared the enemy and bridged the obstacle. It is hardly credible that the apparently tangled mass of vehicles can ever get moving again; and what if the *Luftwaffe* attacks in strength? It never does; and when the obstacle is cleared, the column gets under way again

with astonishing speed. Of course there are no flanks and plenty of snipers, but almost no one pays any attention. Petrol, ammunition, and rations must be delivered in huge quantities to improvised dumps over enormous and steadily increasing distances; it seems unlikely, but they almost always arrive. Maps of twenty-five thousand and fifty thousand scale are discarded; nevertheless, the units keep running off their hundred thousand and even quarter-million maps. Night harbours are made wherever the division is when its fuel supply falls to emergency level; the march begins again at first light. Every kilometer has its little band of armed Frenchmen pointing to freshly killed Germans, or conducting precariously live ones to the advance PW cage. The thrill of crossing the Seine is almost greater than that of crossing the Channel. There are occasional serious battles, such as that at Rouen. The advance to the Somme is a little more heavily opposed, but is still a rat-race. When the Somme is crossed, the country comes alive with the memories of Canadian actions in the War of 1914-18. The Belgian frontier is crossed; a little more, and the pursuit is over. A new German army, the Fifteenth, has been engaged.

Mr. Munro is somewhat more satisfactory in his treatment of the clearing of the Channel ports and the "rocket coast"; and if his account of the push to the Leopold Canal, and the clearing of the Scheldt estuary and southern Holland to the Maas is skimpy, perhaps it would be captious to protest too violently. But his report on the rest of the war during the ensuing winter and spring is quite inadequate; indeed, he devotes barely half a dozen pages to it. It may not be amiss to indicate the things about which he might have told us. There was the period from mid November to mid December, during which Cdn Army held the whole line of the Maas from its mouth to where it becomes the Meuse, patrolling and raiding across it constantly, while preparing for the Battle of the Rhineland, which was to have been begun early in January. Then came Rundstedt's great counter-offensive in the Ardennes and the initial American reverses, when it looked as though the Germans might get across the Meuse to Brussels, and 21 Army Group appreciated that the enemy might mount an airborne attack on Antwerp, together with a ground attack across the Maas through Breda. This was a "flap" period. Everybody saw paratroops everywhere. 4 Cdn Armd Div was relieved of its sector of the line and rushed off to Breda as a mobile counterattack force, and the division spent its Christmas Eve not in celebration with its carefully cultivated Dutch friends, but in reconnoitring good killing grounds. There was the bright, clear New Year's Day, when the *Luftwaffe* mounted its heaviest and most concentrated effort of the campaign; it suffered crippling losses, but it destroyed a very large number of our planes on the ground. The enemy had found a new spirit. Kappelsche Veer will serve as an example. The enemy had got back onto this almost inaccessible little neck of land south of the Maas and east of Tilburg, and was determined to keep it for later use as an offensive bridgehead. When the Poles took it on, the affair seemed so ridiculously small

they called it Operation Flea. But after several costly attempts, the position remained unreduced. The task was given to 47 Royal Marine Commando, who called it Operation Horse and treated it more seriously. Their failure, too, was expensive. Finally, 4 Cdn Armd Div assumed the task; they called it Operation Elephant. It took six days of the most difficult fighting to clear that trifling position. In February came the delayed Battle of the Rhineland, to fight which Cdn Army HQ was given half a million men. The success of this battle made the German position anywhere west of the Rhine untenable. Then came the Battle of the Rhine itself, during which 1 Cdn Corps, secretly brought into the northwestern theatre from Italy, was deployed on the left of 2 Cdn Corps and the whole of Cdn Army fought together for the first time. There followed, on the left, the liberation of northern Holland, on the right, the Battle of Northwest Germany; and finally the German capitulation.

With the end of the war in Europe, Mr. Munro finishes the first half of his book. In the second half, which begins with the outbreak of war, he again becomes more useful. His discussion of General McNaughton's retirement as Army Commander, while oversimplified, is illuminating. The question of whether the Canadian army should be employed as a whole or to the degree and in the manner warranted by the strategic situation was, he says, the critical issue, in which General McNaughton took the former and Colonel Ralston, then Minister of Defence, the latter position. He adds that General McNaughton's prestige had suffered from criticism in high places of his conduct of the huge training exercise "Spartan," in March, 1943. He properly relegates to a position of tertiary importance the notorious personal clashes between McNaughton and Montgomery.

Mr. Munro's account of the Spitsbergen raid is very detailed, perhaps excessively so; but his report of the Dieppe operation is most welcome. It is not merely that he gives an excellent account of the action; more, he has understood the operation. There is no doubt of the keenness with which he regrets its cost—a keenness sharpened by the numbering of many personal friends among the casualties. But at the same time he has appreciated both its necessity and its ultimate value. Mr. Munro knows that it is suicidal to join battle without reconnaissance; and he knows that it may well be catastrophic to commit yourself on a large scale to techniques and equipments untried by contested operations. The dividends of the Dieppe investment were drawn in North Africa, Sicily, Anzio, and, above all, Normandy.

The Sicily campaign, with its highly successful assault-landing, the rapid and easy initial exploitation against desultory Italian resistance, and the subsequent harder fighting against German troops, is given in the greatest detail. The publisher's blurb says of Mr. Munro that "he makes copious entries in a khaki-covered army notebook—and never throws away a note." This chapter makes the reader wish that he sometimes had. The campaign

in Italy from the assault to the transfer of 1 Cdn Corps to Holland seems adequately reported, but the present reviewer is not competent to discuss it.

It is pleasant to notice that Mr. Munro has reproduced something of the curious humour of the war. He reports the occasion when senior HQ were trying to find out what had happened to the 8 Reconnaissance Regt, and the reluctant C.O. finally confessed, "I'm waging a private war on North Beveland" (p. 242). Mr. Munro once asked a staff officer of 1 Brit Corps (which had had 3 Cdn Div under command for the Normandy assault) how they liked being under Cdn Army command. "We really don't mind it," the Englishman replied, "for we learned the Canadian system from the 3 Div. We would phone down orders to [their GSO 1]. He would listen patiently and then say 'horsefeathers' and bang down the phone. So now when Cdn Army HQ passes orders to us we simply say 'horsefeathers.' It's all very simple" (pp. 251-2). Mr. Munro tells of the exploit of the Lake Superior and British Columbia Regiments at St. Philipsland peninsula, when some of their mortars and tanks sank four small German naval craft, and of the *Daily Mirror* headline: "Monty's Men Sink German Fleet" (p. 247). We wish he had cited the next morning's official report, which was entitled "HMCS 4th Armoured Intelligence Summary No. 1."

Mr. Munro is an excellent reporter, but he is not a historian. This becomes apparent in two ways. In the first place, his sense of proportion is less than just. Some complaint of this kind has been made earlier in this review. Here it may be exemplified thus: he devotes seventy-five pages (about one-sixth of his book) to the campaign in Sicily, which involved one Canadian division and a Canadian independent armoured brigade for thirty-eight days; for the last seven months of the war in Europe, which included, in addition to secondary operations, the decisive battles of the Rhineland, the Rhine, northern Holland, and Northwest Germany, and involved Cdn Army as a whole, he has just eight pages.

Secondly, Mr. Munro is guilty of too many errors. Some are serious, for they will cause anger and heartburn. "The 2nd Division went into the line after the weary 3rd, having fought without rest for fifty-six consecutive days, was given a few days respite" (p. 5). The fact is that by this time 2 Div had been in the line for over three weeks and, among other operations, had fought that first attempt at Falaise which Mr. Munro, in another context, calls "the most tragic . . . Canadian attack of the French campaign" (p. 163). Again, "The S.S.R. . . . were attacked by German tanks and infantry in the wheat fields and some companies were overrun and scattered. The battalion had to fall back a mile to the positions of the Essex Scottish" (p. 161). In fact it was the Essex Scottish who were overrun and fell back on the South Saskatchewan Regiment. Some of Mr. Munro's errors are less serious, but will still cause pique. It was the Royal Regiment, not the Essex Scottish, who, with the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, took the brunt of the German attacks at Verrières (p. 166). It was a unit of 3 Div (as memory serves, the North Nova Scotias) that mounted the first

unsuccessful attack on Tilly-la-campagne, not the Calgary Highlanders, who, with the rest of 2 Div, were on the right; and it was the Argyll and Sutherlands, not the Lincoln and Wellands, who made the second unsuccessful attack (pp. 165-6). It was General Stuart, not General Crerar, who succeeded General McNaughton as Army Commander (p. 276). Mr. Munro reports that it is not orthodox for divisional HQ to come under shell-fire (p. 102). When the range of field and medium artillery is considered, it is obvious that it would be impossible to site HQ far enough behind the front line to escape fire, and still conduct the battle efficiently; and certainly there is no Canadian division whose HQ has not been shelled many times. It is the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, not the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, that repairs vehicles (p. 106). The Royal Canadian Corps of Signals will not like being called a "service" (p. 106). There are other errors which are of no importance except that they disfigure Mr. Munro's book. An airborne division has only one paratroop brigade; the other is an "air-landing" (i.e., glider-borne) brigade (p. 39). The Panther tank mounts a 75 mm. gun, not an 88 (p. 140). A *Nebelwerfer* is a rocket-projector, not a mortar (p. 140).

But although some inaccuracies and a certain disproportion leave Mr. Munro less than a historian, we repeat that he is a very good journalist. He has an eye for the significant, a sense of overall pattern, and an easy style almost free of newspaper jargon. The future historian of the Canadian Army, 1939-45, will have read his book with profit. Until that history is written, we may be grateful to Mr. Munro for his interim account.